



ENTERPRISE

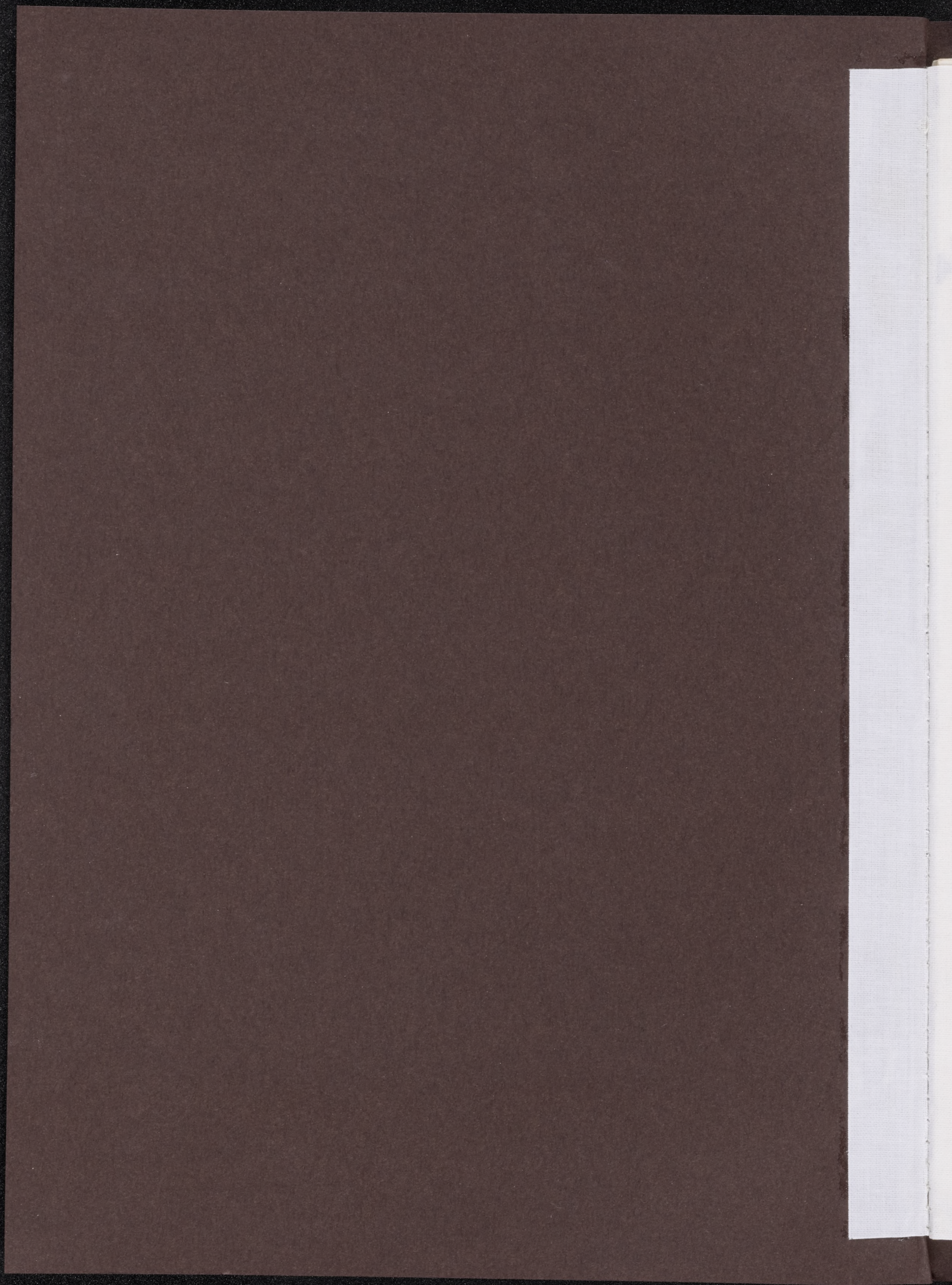
1916

W. A. MORSE BOSTON, MASS.

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The Enterprise

Petaluma High School

Petaluma, California

1916

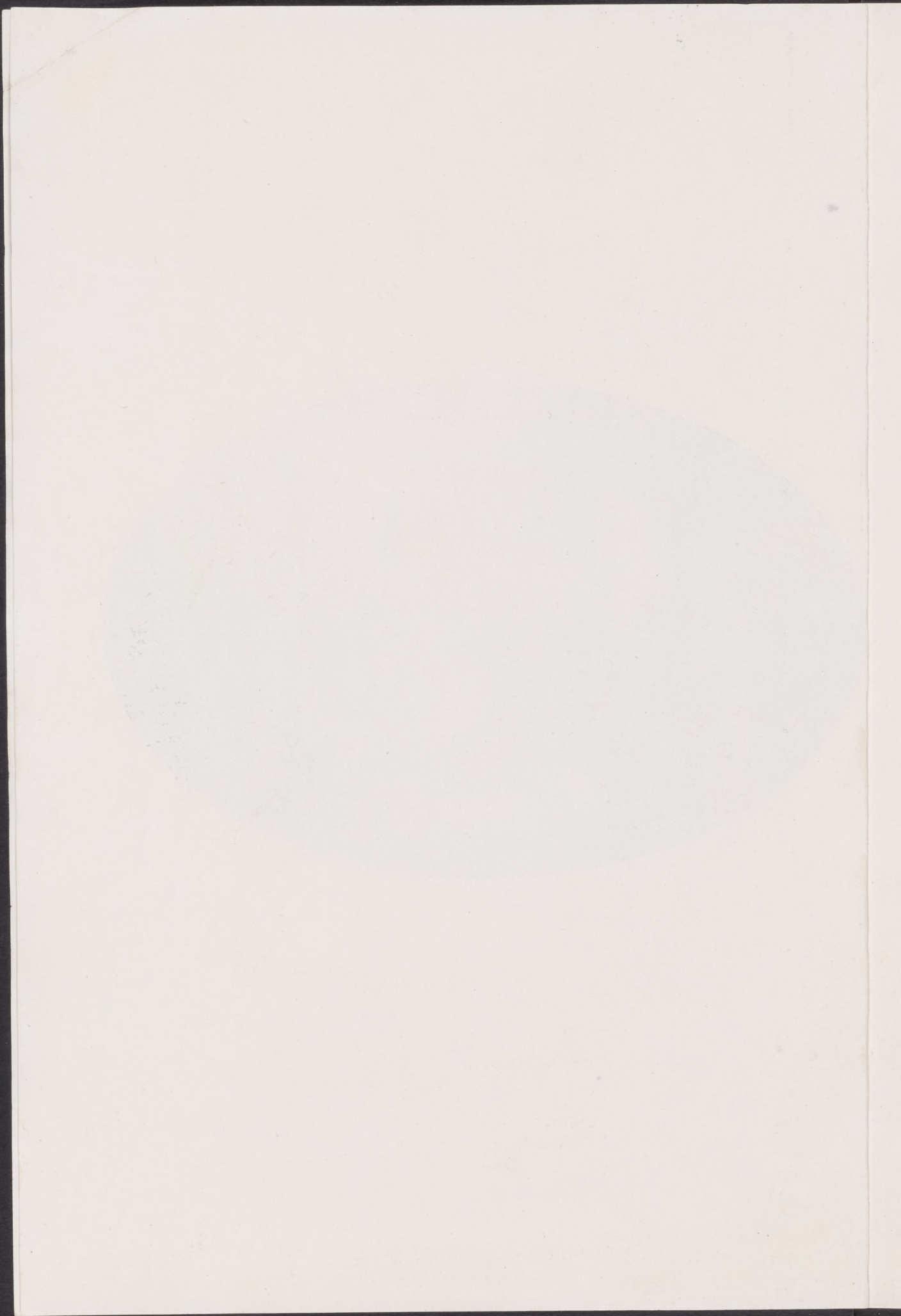


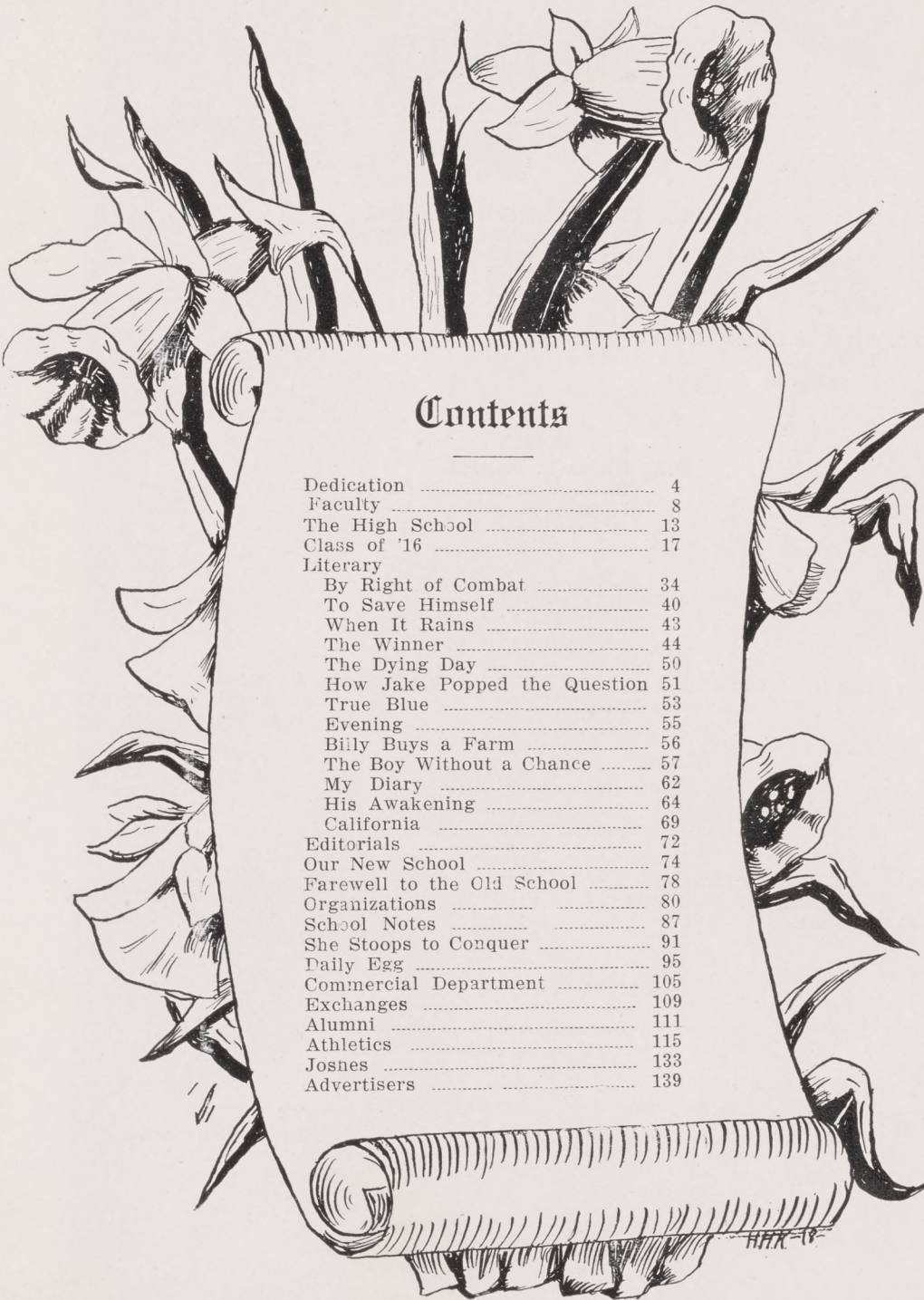
To Our Principal

Walter O. Smith

A sincere friend and helpful adviser of the
students, who by his whole-hearted
and untiring efforts has
raised this school to its present
standing this issue is
Dedicated







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Faculty



WALTER O. SMITH—Principal.
Ph. B., University of California.
Graduate Student.
Civics, History, Mathematics.
Economics.

MISS NINA L. BEAUCHAMP,
B. L., University of California.
Commercial Branches.

THOLOW BINKLEY,
A. B., Stanford University.
Graduate Student.
Physics, Manual Training
Mechanical Drawing.

MISS EMMA F. DANIEL,
B. S., University of California.
Medical Student in University
of California, College of Medicine. Science.

MISS KATHERINE LINDSAY,
University of California.
Latin.

MISS LAURA I. NAGEL,
A. B., A. M., Stanford University.
German, Drawing.

MISS EMMA V. HESSE,
B. S., University of California.
Mathematics, English.

MISS ANNA M. PARRY,
Stout Institute.
Domestic Science.

MISS HELEN M. PERKINS,
University of California.
English.

MISS HELEN C. PRUTZMAN,
A. B., University of California,
Cogswell Polytechnic College.
English, Music.

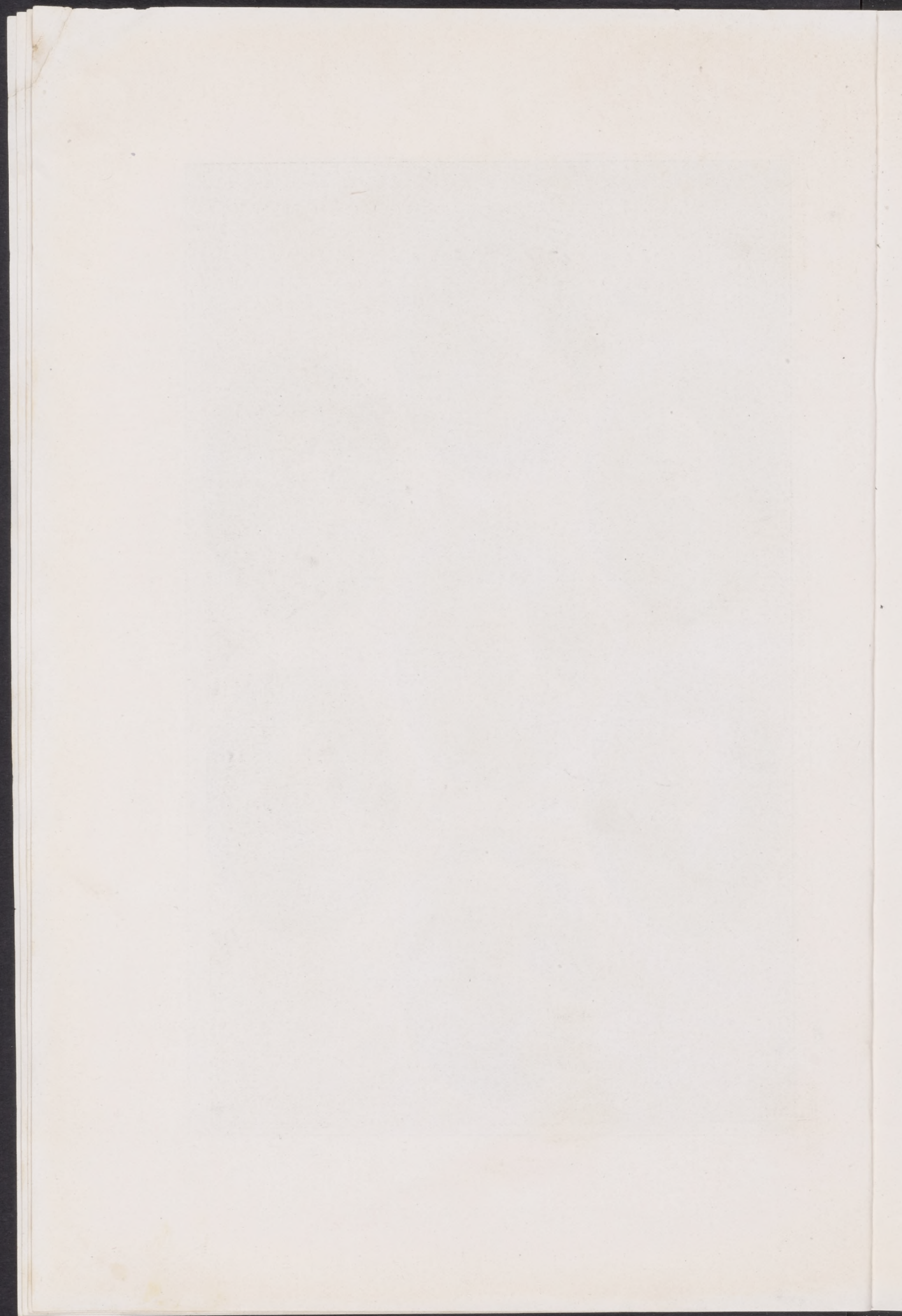
ALVAH B. WAY,
Ph. B., A. M., Ottawa University,
Heald's Business College, A. B., Stanford University.
Commercial Branches.

MISS MADGE WOODMAN,
B. L., University of California.
Graduate Student.
History.

MISS JENNETT MILLER,
University of California.
Graduate Student.
English.

MISS ELSA SCHLUCKEBIER,
B. L., University of California.
German, Drawing.









The High School

Now that we are established in our fine new building and have all made our high resolves to get the most out of its opportunities, let us recall what it is that we expect our High School to do for us. We know full well that we must get value for the time we spend here. We know that the school costs money which the taxpayers of Petaluma cheerfully furnish. We know that it costs parents much hard earned money to send young men and women to school when they might be at work earning part or all of their own living. We know that it is pleasant to be familiar with history and science and literature, and to be able thus to enjoy the world's store of good things. But we also know that the High School is not provided merely to the end that we shall get more pleasure out of life through these things. It is provided for a more serious purpose than that; it is provided so that we ourselves shall be able to do better our part in the world's work, and so that we shall have ambition enough to want to do a large and worthy part. It is provided for the purpose of making us more useful and better and happier in all the serious relationships that make men and women worth while,—as workers, as citizens, as parents, as friends.

We have often to explain what a High School is for, and it is not always easy to give an answer that is satisfying either to ourselves or to our questioner. The truth of the matter is that our conception of what a High School should aim to accomplish has changed greatly in the past few years under the pressure of modern demands. The older type of school was one in which the student was, for a time, withdrawn in his interest from active life, to study classic thoughts, manners and ideals of bygone times, together with certain other subjects whose purpose was to cultivate mental agility. This course produced a few—a very few—educated people, of broad culture and frequently great ability. Its defect lay in the narrowness of its field; only those who could afford a long, expensive course, which required supplementary work in a professional school or in business, could secure the benefits of its training.

To supply an education that would lead more quickly to increased ability as a wage earner, business colleges and trade schools sprang up.

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These schools, unlike the high schools and academies, did not seek to give any of that work which we now call cultural, but sought instead to train the student to do certain particular things. Their defect lay in the narrowness of their purpose; they sought to train the hand and eye, but neglected the mind and heart. They turned out machines,—persons not trained to think, and hence not fitted for business in a larger way, as leaders and employers.

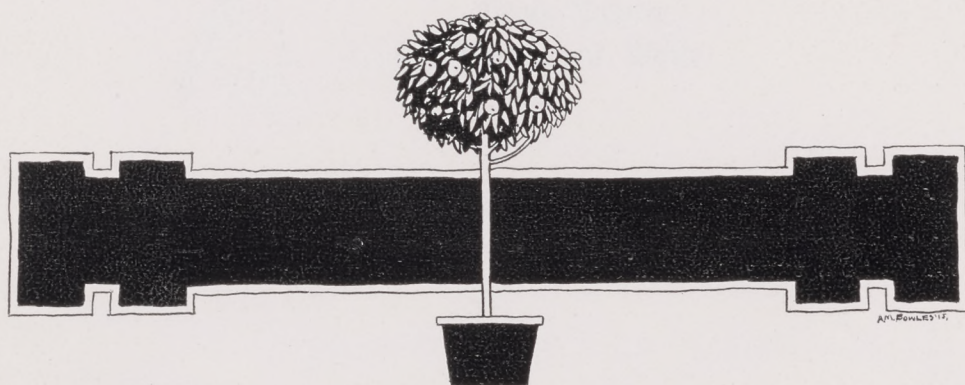
The Petaluma High School has before it a career of usefulness to the community it serves, with this as its ideal: to give its boys and girls a mental training which shall make them stronger as men and women, more effective as wage earners, better citizens, and truer in all the nobler relations of life. It proposes to make use of all that has been found worth while in the world's store of knowledge and experience, and it aims to give each student the chance to make mental growth on that kind of matter which is best suited to his ability and needs. One student gets the best results from a course of study with Latin and history made prominent in it; another does better on a diet of modern languages and literature; another finds the study of commerce and its methods best for him; another thrives on science, while still others get most stimulation and growth out of courses in which the manual arts, mechanical drawing, etc., have prominence. Our High School aims to present such a choice of studies as to meet all reasonable needs and tastes, and to give such guidance to the student in making his choice of studies as to avoid the mistakes that in after years often cost one very dear.

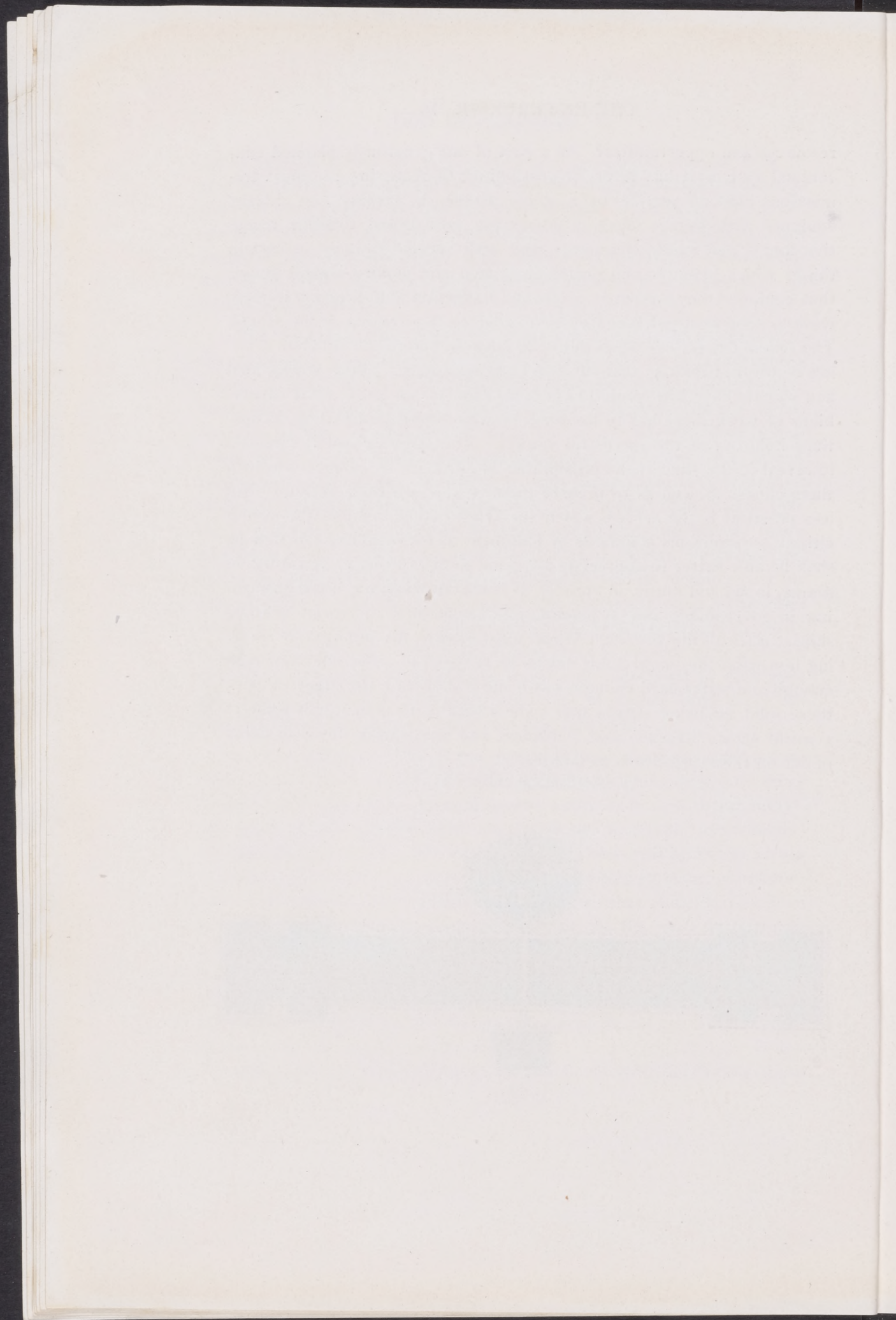
In California we have at our hands natural resources such as no other country has ever had, in fertile agricultural lands, miles and miles of standing timber, mines great in variety and extent, and almost unlimited water power, waiting to be converted into electricity for commercial and domestic uses. We have virgin markets calling for us across the seas, while within our own borders, the steadily growing population gives a stimulus to manufacture and agriculture that older communities do not feel. We have also been undisturbed, for the most part, by the great vortex of calamity which is overwhelming Europe and which has made our eastern trade conditions so feverish and dangerous both financially and morally. Our own affairs go on in their wonted, steady, thriving way; our population, our business, our growth, are but little affected by the awful abnormality of the times.

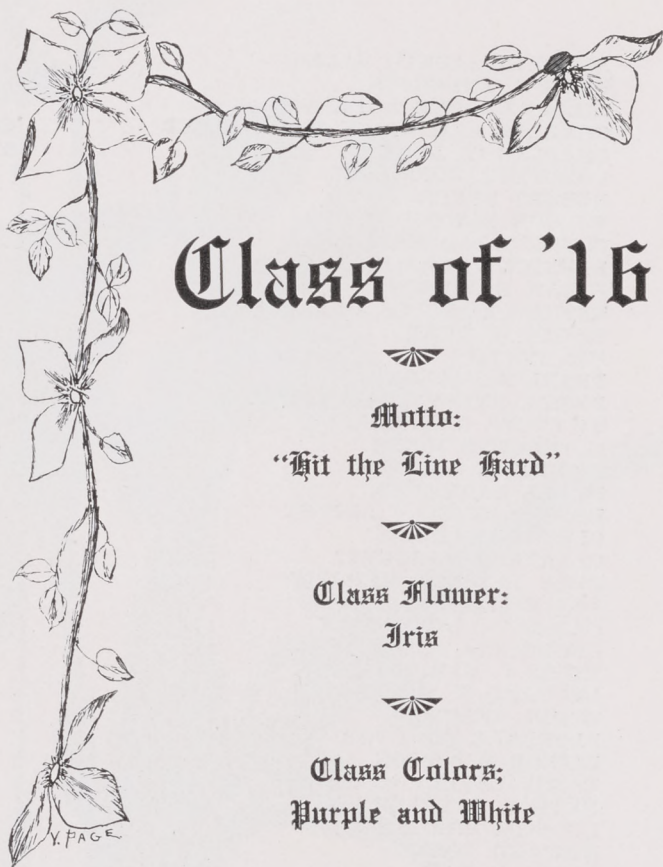
What has the Petaluma High School to do with developing these

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resources and opportunities? As a part of our generously planned educational system, it has before it possibilities of rendering the most tremendous kind of service to a great people, in turning out citizens equipped with worthy ideals of citizenship, with broad, tolerant, receptive minds and stable characters, and with specific training in certain things which business and professional men and women should know; thus equipped they are ready to assume leadership and direction in their work as soon as experience has been added to the training of the school. The school has for one of its duties to open up before the students a vision of the possibilities that life places before them. Many young men and women have little ambition because they do not know what various kinds of work there are to be done, or what rewards different occupations hold out to the successful worker. The High School is intended to reveal to the student the possibilities of different life careers,—to help them choose as well as to prepare them to start on their careers. Not less practical is the service which the High School renders the young citizen in raising his standards of judgment as a consumer,—so that he shall be able better to appreciate the good things of life, in literature, in drama, in art and music, in apparel, in house building and home furnishing, in government, and, in general, in all individual and social relationships. With all this the High School must awaken his ambition by showing him what the world holds out as its rewards to those who aim high enough and strike hard enough, and it must show him the great value of those solid, enduring virtues that make a man or woman worth while in a world where littleness and feebleness and uncertainty mark so many of our brothers and sisters as failures.







Class of '16



Motto:

"Hit the Line Hard"

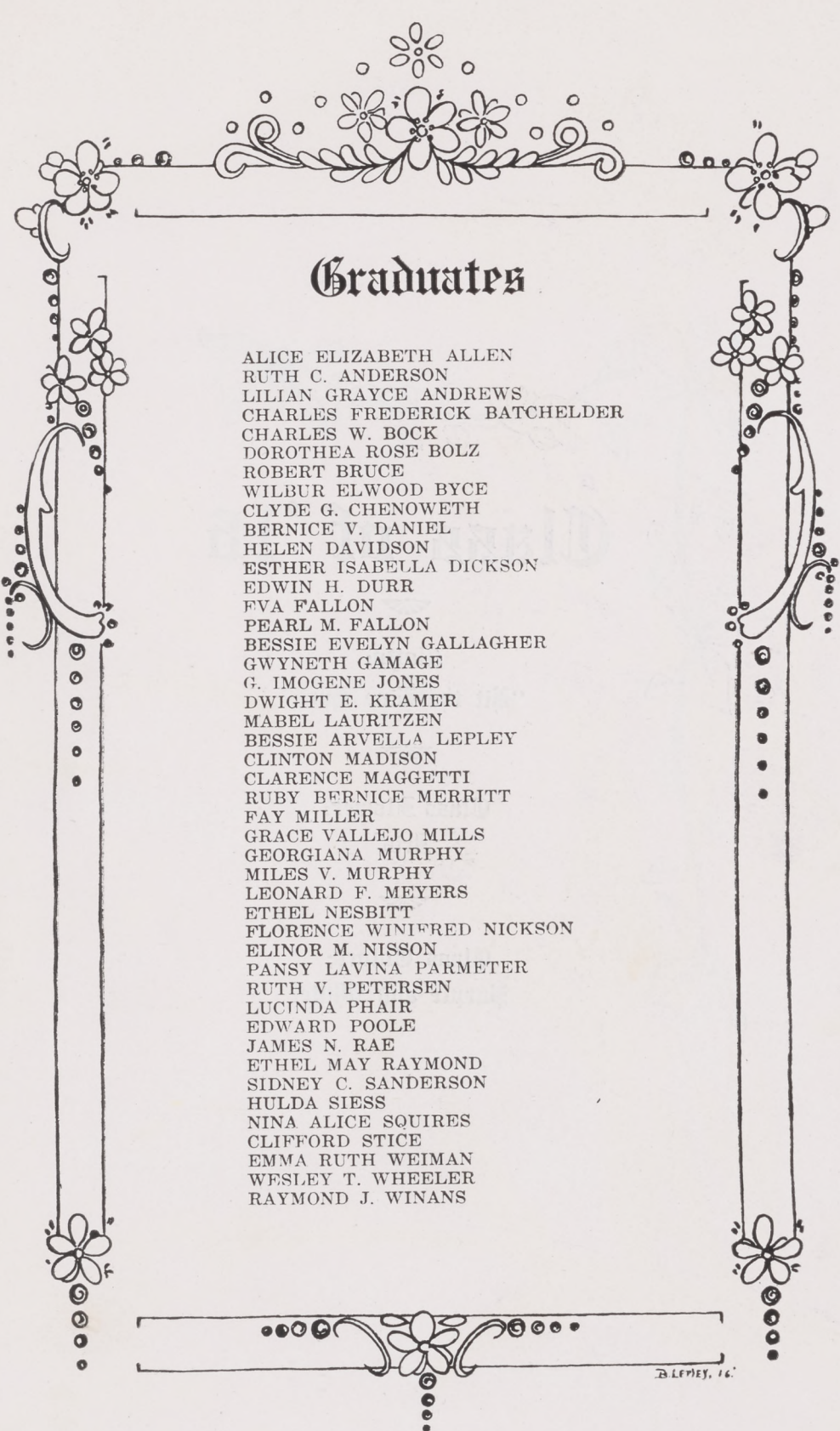


Class Flower:

Iris



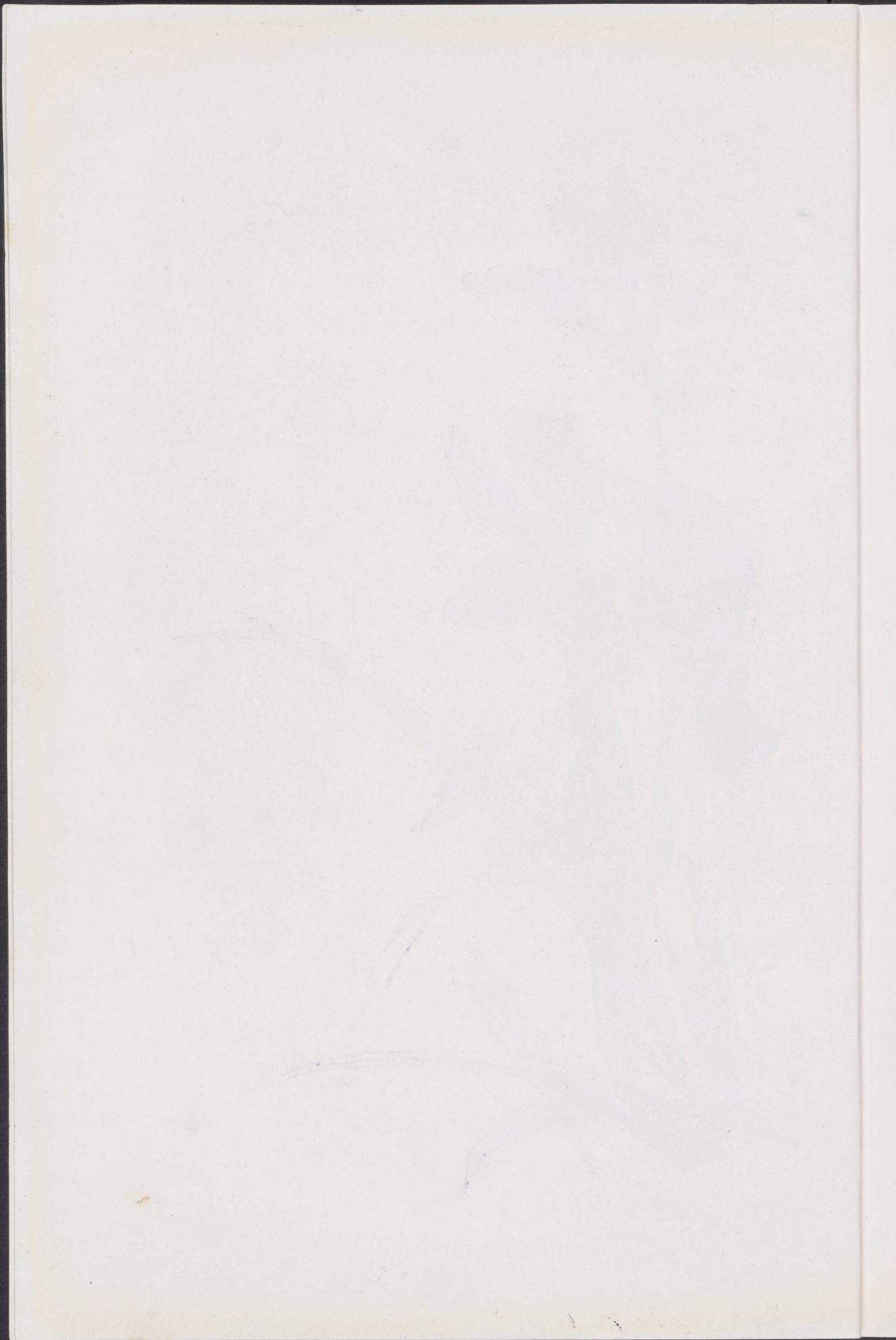
Class Colors;
Purple and White

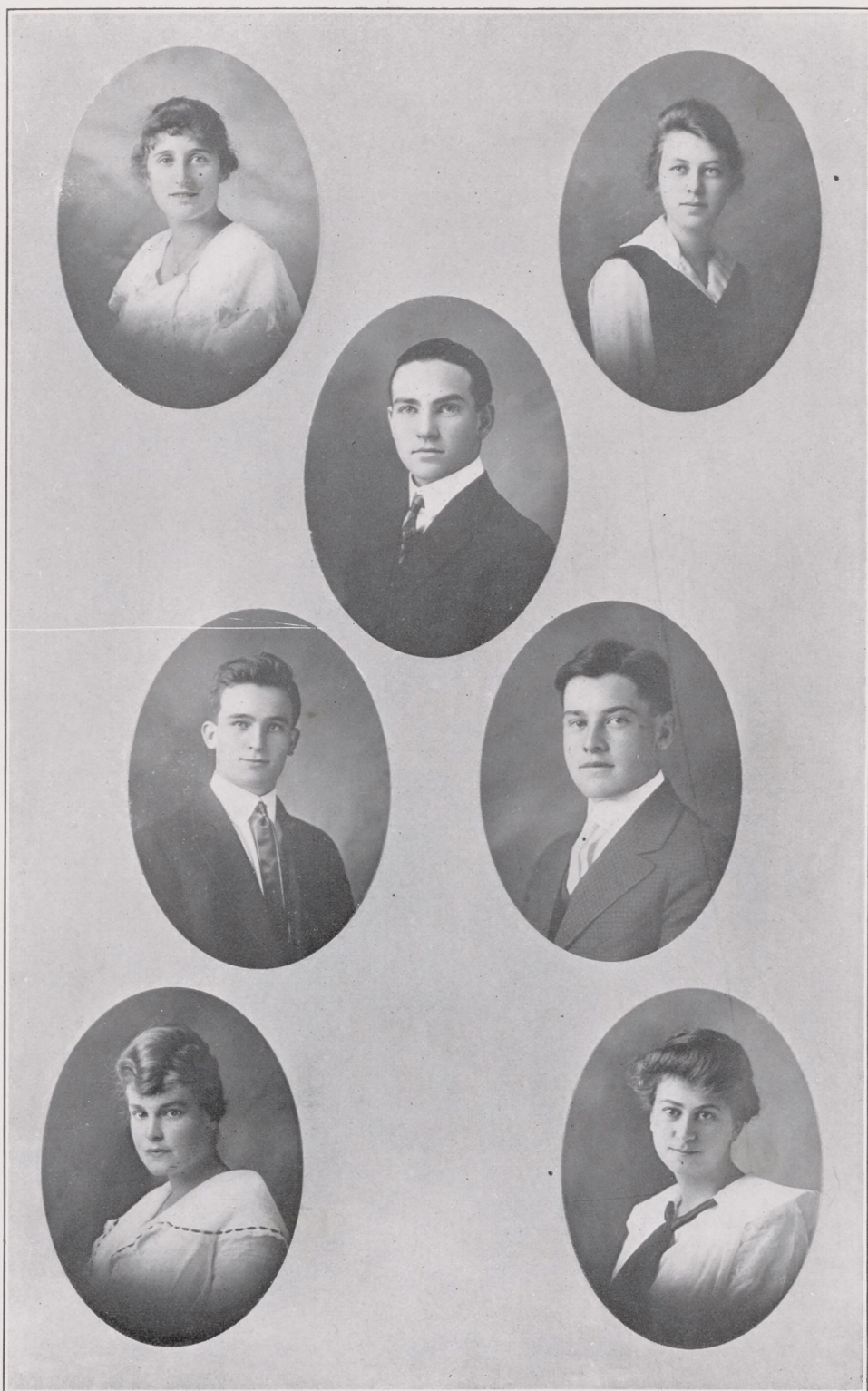


Graduates

ALICE ELIZABETH ALLEN
RUTH C. ANDERSON
LILIAN GRAYCE ANDREWS
CHARLES FREDERICK BATCHELDER
CHARLES W. BOCK
DOROTHEA ROSE BOLZ
ROBERT BRUCE
WILBUR ELWOOD BYCE
CLYDE G. CHENOWETH
BERNICE V. DANIEL
HELEN DAVIDSON
ESTHER ISABELLA DICKSON
EDWIN H. DURR
FVA FALLON
PEARL M. FALLON
BESSIE EVELYN GALLAGHER
GWYNETH GAMAGE
G. IMOGENE JONES
DWIGHT E. KRAMER
MABEL LAURITZEN
BESSIE ARVELLA LEPLY
CLINTON MADISON
CLARENCE MAGGETTI
RUBY BERNICE MERRITT
FAY MILLER
GRACE VALLEJO MILLS
GEORGIANA MURPHY
MILES V. MURPHY
LEONARD F. MEYERS
ETHEL NESBITT
FLORENCE WINIFRED NICKSON
ELINOR M. NISSON
PANSY LAVINA PARMETER
RUTH V. PETERSEN
LUCINDA PHAIR
EDWARD POOLE
JAMES N. RAE
ETHEL MAY RAYMOND
SIDNEY C. SANDERSON
HULDA SIESS
NINA ALICE SQUIRES
CLIFFORD STICE
EMMA RUTH WEIMAN
WESLEY T. WHEELER
RAYMOND J. WINANS







BESSIE LEPLEY

CHARLES BATCHELDER

HULDA SIESS

MILES MURPHY
ESTHER DICKSON

CLARENCE MAGGETTI
GRACE MILLS





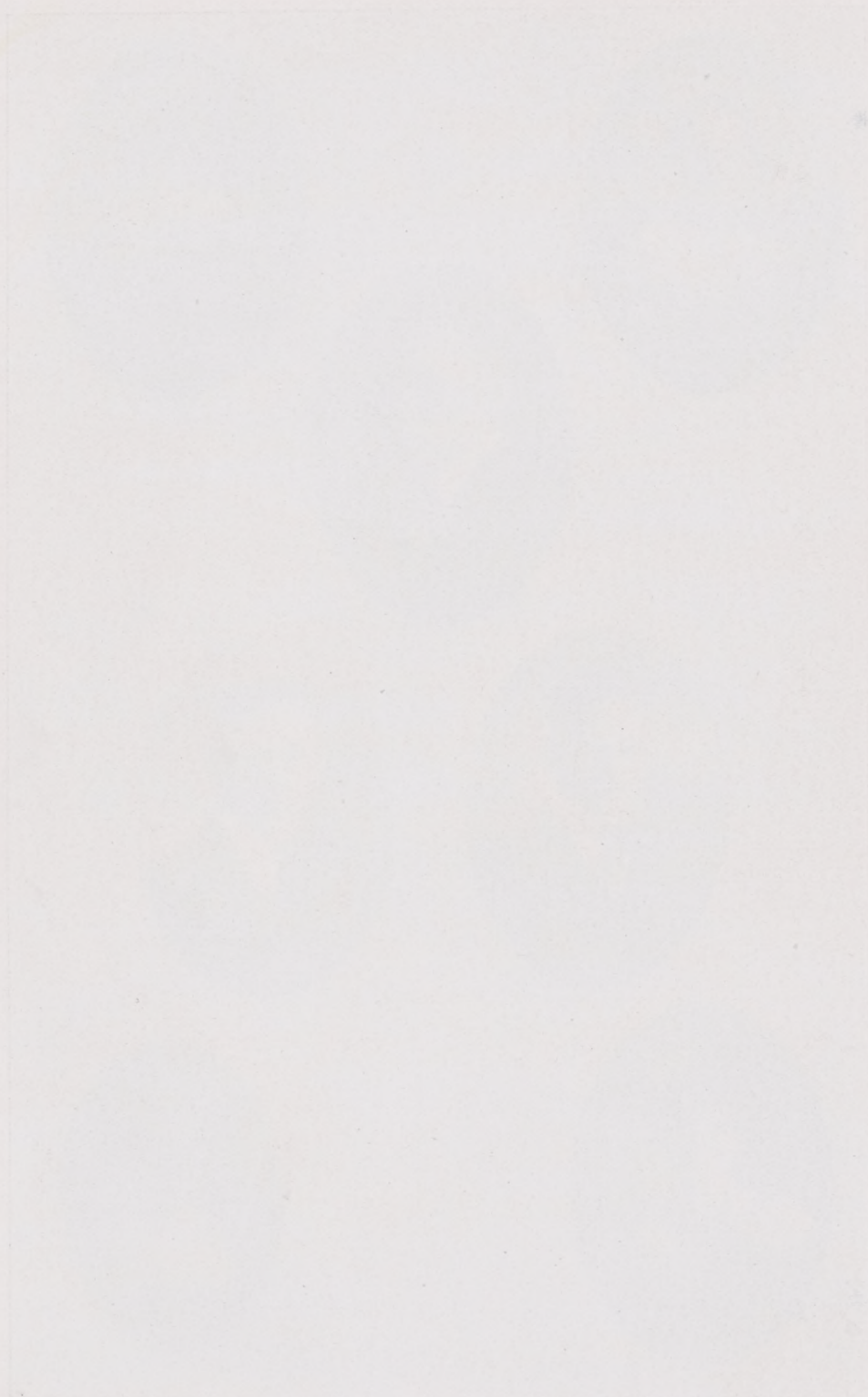
HELEN DAVIDSON

RAY WINANS
ALICE ALLEN

CLIFFORD STICE

NINA SQUIRES

CLINTON MADISON
EVA FALLON





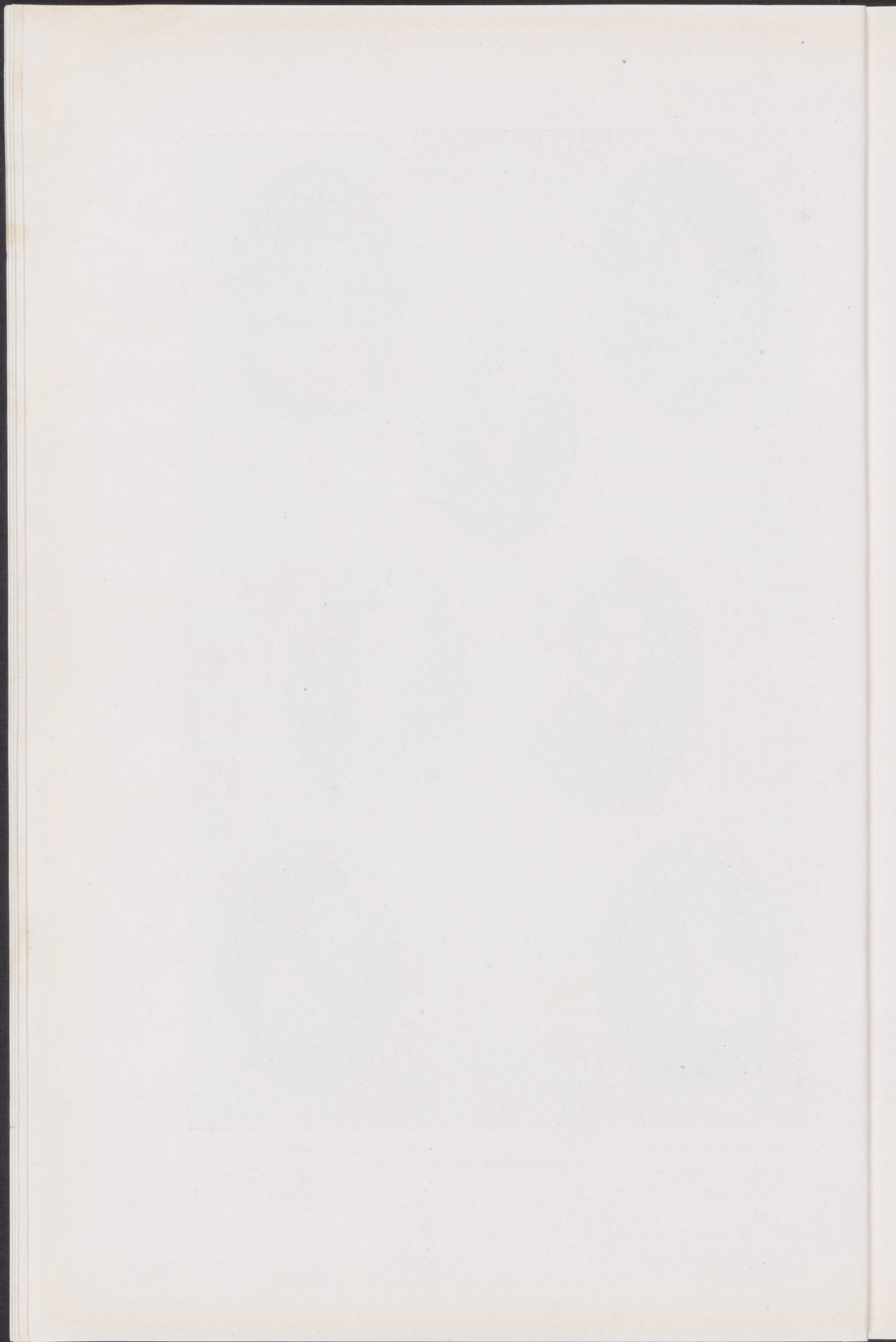
RUTH PETERSEN

WESLEY WHEELER
GEORGIANA MURPHY

ELWOOD BYCE

IMOGENE JONES

CHARLES BOCK
GWYNETH GAMAGE





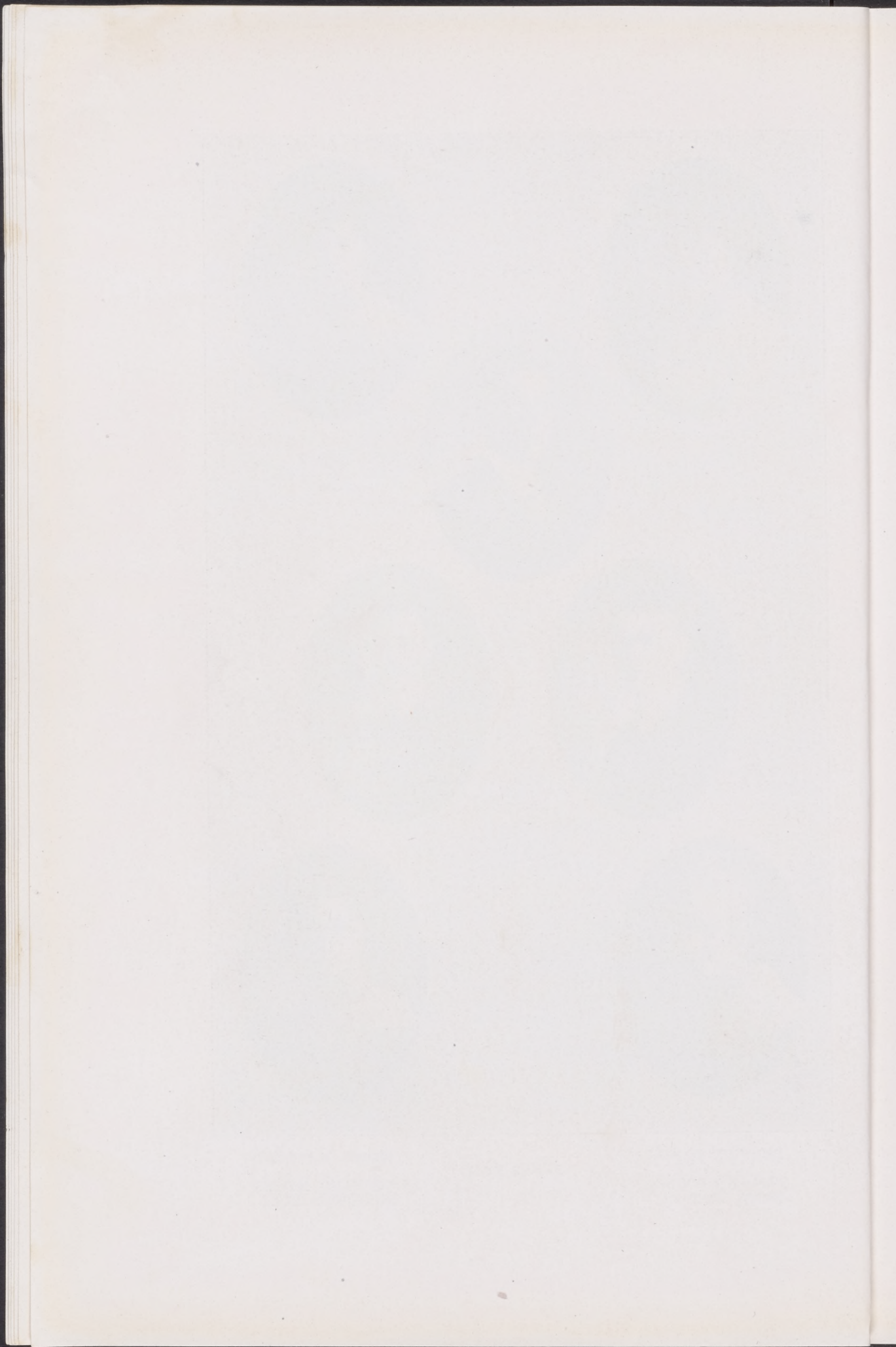
BERNICE DANIEL

EDWARD POOLE
EMMA WEINAN

JAMES RAE

ETHEL RAYMOND

LEONARD MYERS
DOROTHEA BOLZ





MABEL LAURITZEN

SIDNEY SANDERSON
BESSIE GALLAGHER

DWIGHT KRAMER

RUBY MERRITT

FAY MILLER
FLORENCE NICKSON





ELINOR NISSON

CLYDE CHENOWETH

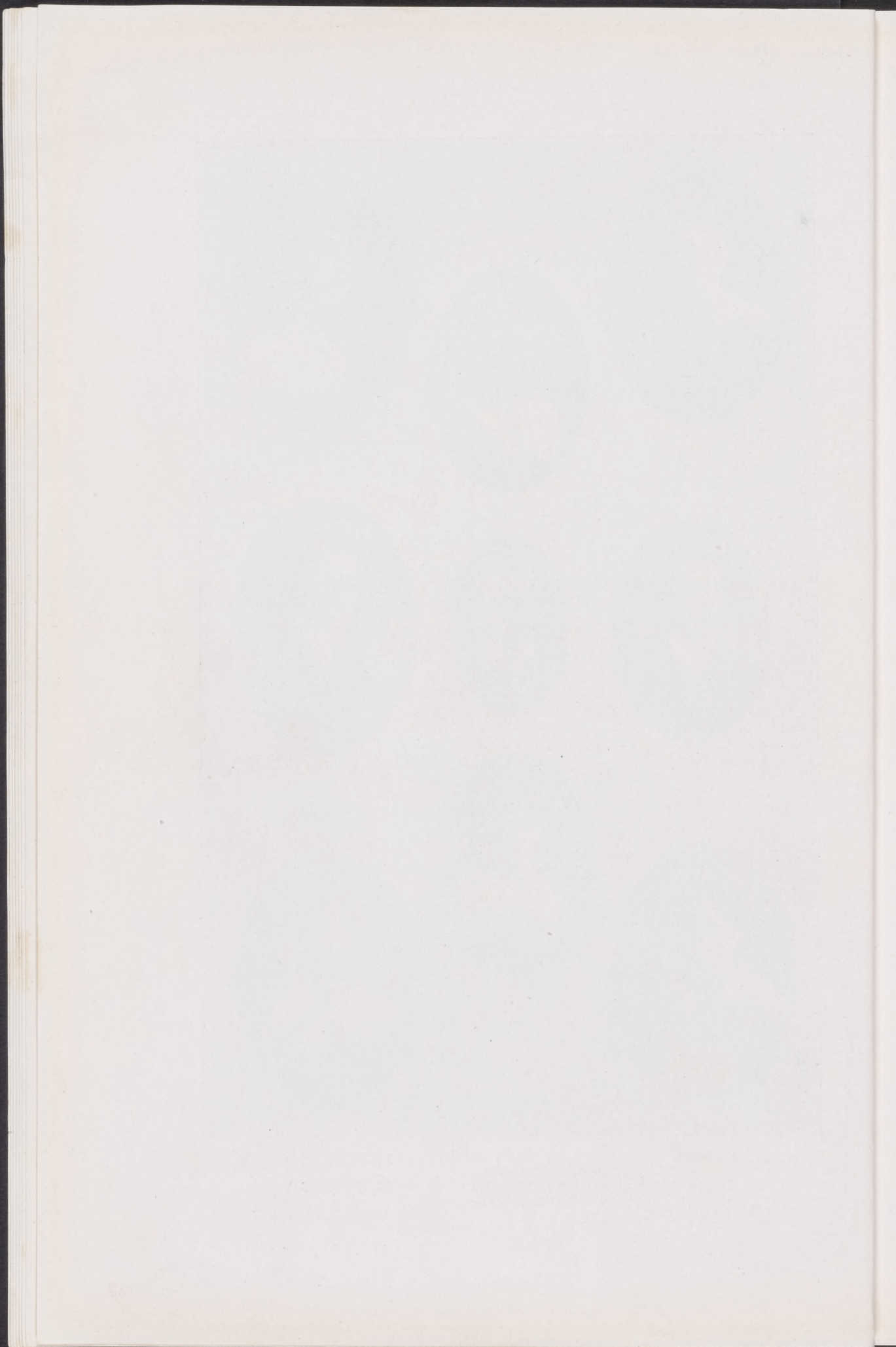
PANSY PARMETER

PEARL FALLON
ROBERT BRUCE
LUCINDA PHAIR

LILLIAN ANDREWS

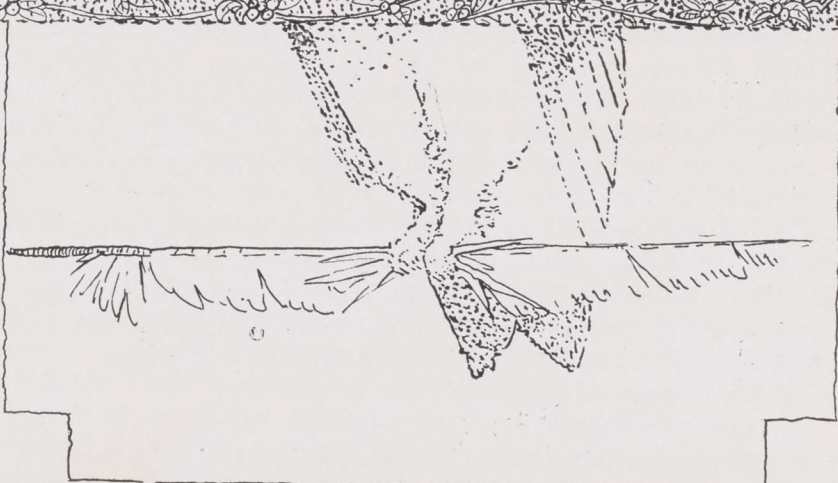
EDWIN DURR

RUTH ANDERSON





LITERARY



44 A.M. BOWLES '15 44

By Right of Combat

Part 1.

A crowd of typical East-siders quickly gathered. Shouts, cries, and yells proclaimed unnatural excitement. From the midst of the motley gathering the shrill voice of a girl was heard.

"Ye fat-headed Dutchy!" Slap, slap.

"Ye son of a sausage"—bang! "Ye dirty spalpeen! By the holy St. Patrick, but I'll knock your lazoo into nixt week, if ye don't pick out some one yer size to bully, nixt time." Jackie O'Niel panted and swung a vicious uppercut at big, blond Hans Schulze.

"Sure, an' ye was thinkin' coz ye heerd Father Dougherty say I orter be a loidy, bein' as I'm sixteen, and not foight any more, that I wouldn't. Well, yez didn't figger roight."

Which was quite evident to all the admiring crowd around her. And what a picture they all made! The slight form of Tony Cavelli, whom Jackie was so valiantly defending, was surrounded by children of every nationality. Yet Jackie herself was the most picturesque of all. Masses of shining red hair rippled from a small, well-set head, down far below the waist of a slim, lithe figure. One eye was fast becoming invisible, which made the other, of clear Irish blue, seem twice its natural size. Her nose, somewhat retrousse, was badly skinned. The flash of the unclosed optic and the set of the determined chin indicated descent from a fighting race.

Robert Fulton Spenser, an aristocrat by birth and environment, but familiarly known as "Bob" by his classmates at Yale, had decidedly democratic tendencies. Seated in his long, low, blue racer, he had been an amused spectator of the battle. Before he had time for further inspection of the fair Amazon, Jackie turned, and like a flash, vaulted into the seat beside him.

"Drive like the devil, man," she commanded, and Bob, too surprised to do otherwise, obeyed. The car shot forward, scattering children and dogs alike. They sped through the crowded tenement district and up Second Avenue, but not until they were speeding over Riverside drive did Bob find his voice. Then turning to the girl, he asked:

"Where do you want to go?"

"Anywhir ye loike."

"Well, then, from whom are you running away?"

"Why, nobody, of course." Then to enlighten him, she added: "Sure, and I jist wanted to be feelin' loike thim actresses do in the movies, whin they shoot along in these here swell buzz-wagons. Sure, an' I'd rather go to hiven in one of these, any day, than on wings."

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"Say, if we had you on our football team, we'd lick the sox off that Harvard bunch! The way you sailed into that yellow-headed Dutchman was just great. You lit——"

"Sure, and if yez don't mind, we'll be goin' back now, coz I've got to git Pat to play the pianer at the 'Palace' ter-night. Schleenigan said he'd give me the can nixt time I showed up lookin' loike Pat Murphy's hash."

At Jackie's request Bob turned back down town, and safely deposited her near the scene of the recent conflict. On the way to his Madison Avenue home he realized that he neither knew her name nor where she lived. All that he had gathered was that she was the guardian and protectress of the weaklings of her neighborhood, and a scrapper of parts.

To Bob's courageous spirit, Jackie's gameness made a peculiar appeal. The more he thought about the matter, the more determined he became that he would find her again, if he had to visit all the "Palaces" on the East-side. As to the ultimate disposition to be made of her when found, he did not attempt to decide. But young Bob had had his own way too long to let such a trifling matter worry him. So when he reached home he immediately sought his mother, finding her reclining on a lounge before a bright fire, indulging in the luxuries of a headache.

"Listen, mother, I've a corking plan that will make your dear friend, Mrs. Thornburg, throw a fit. You know that her orphan charity stunt put you in the shade. Well, you can come to the front if you will take a girl from the East-side as your protege. That would be high-class philanthropy, and would turn old Mrs. Thornburg green with envy." Then he proceeded to give a description of Jackie, and unfolded his plan. But somehow, perhaps owing to her headache, she wasn't as enthusiastic as might be wished.

"Son, I've accumulated everything from pedigreed dogs to alligators and snakes to amuse you, but I draw the line at a red-headed gutter-snipe. Besides, she would probably steal my silver."

Behold, a week later, Mrs. Robert Livingston Spenser, in her new plum-colored limousine, on her way to interview Jackie O'Niel. After reflection the idea didn't seem such a bad one, and, as Bob had said the girl wasn't pretty, there would be no danger of his falling in love with her. As for Bob, he had spent four days after the memorable ride looking up "Palaces." There seemed to be an overwhelming number on the East-side, but the three hundred and seventy-ninth "Palace" proved to have had a red-headed pianist, who was pugilistically inclined.

"She blayed goot," Mr. Schleenigan said, "or I vould haf giffen her die dump already yet, aber ich could not haf some vun who vas always lookin' like she had been poot durch ein sausage mill." However, he gave Bob her address and invited him to come again.

Number 27, Annie Alley, a few blocks from the Bowery, was of a

most unpromising exterior. The area below the sidewalk was filled with every kind of rubbish imaginable. On the fourth landing Bob found a one-eyed cat, a three-legged, yellow pup, and a lop-eared rabbit, besides dirty children galore. He was greeted by a fat, red-faced Irish woman and an odor of boiling cabbage. Jackie was out, so he did not see her, but persuaded his mother to come to-day, when, the Irish woman had said, she would be at home.

It was with no great pleasure that the aristocratic Mrs. Robert Livingston Spenser climbed the sagging stairway. She felt that, had she been sensible, she would have had the girl sent to her. A small freckled girl with a mountain of red, shiny hair, piled high on her head, answered Mrs. Spenser's knock.

"Are you Jackie O'Niel?"

"Jackie O'Niel and me is one and the same, ma'am."

"I am Mrs. Robert Livingston Spenser, the mother of the young man who took you for a ride a few days ago."

"Come roight in and have a sate, ma'am. The mother of him is wilcome."

Mrs. Spenser proceeded to explain the object of her visit, telling Jackie, that she would be taken into the Spenser home, educated, and reared so that in the future she might be able to help the poor in her own turn.

"Faith, and I'm hilpin' the poor now, without bein' educationed. Why, there's Empress Catherine, Roosevelt, and Elinor Glynn I'm carin' for, and holy St. Patrick! a whole neighborhood of young uns that ain't old enough to fight for theirselves. That's why I'm lookin' for a job now. So thankin' ye jist the same, I guess yez don't nade to bother."

Mrs. Spenser had never been able to brook opposition, and Jackie's refusal of her offer merely had the effect of making the girl seem more desirable. She brought into play some of the graces that had made her a social leader, and during the animated conversation with the bright Irish girl, she learned all that the latter knew of her life's history. Her father had been an impecunious artist, who died when she was two years old, while her mother died a year later. A big-hearted Irish woman had taken her in.

"My son tells me you earn a living by playing the piano in a cheap cafe."

"Yes, indade, an' I sure have to play that pianer."

A great light dawned on Mrs. Spenser, and she eagerly asked Jackie,

"Would you like to become a fine musician?"

Mrs. Spenser then pointed out to Jackie the possibilities of a future in the Spenser home. Half an hour later she left the girl who, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, had promised to come that evening.

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The promise, however, had not been given until Mrs. Spenser had consented to her bringing with her Empress Catherine, Roosevelt, and Elinor Glynn, Jackie's one-eyed cat; three-legged dog, and lop-eared rabbit, respectively.

Part II.

Somewhere in the house a clock struck one, and then out of the velvet blackness came another sound, a soft thud, and Jackie sat up in bed.

"Faith, an' ye must be lookin' for trouble. That was probably Empress Catherine explorin' in the garden and knocked one of thim vazes off'n their stools," she admonished herself. She was too excited to sleep. Never before had she seen or dreamed of such luxury. The notes which had come from the magnificent grand piano when she touched it still rang through her mind. When she walked though the rooms her feet sank into soft velvet carpets. Everything was soft—soft, rich, and comfortable; her bed was like a heap of down and soft woolen blankets covered her.

The moon came out, giving the white enameled furniture and the cretonne hangings a ghostly appearance. Another thud. She sprang from the bed. This time she was sure the sound came from the room below her. She crept out of her room and down the broad stairway. It was all dark. Which way should she turn? A light flashed for a second from a crack below one of the doors. Swiftly and silently she reached the door and opened it. A blinding ray of light was flashed upon her. In its center she saw the shining barrel of a revolver. A hoarse voice croaked,

"Jackie!"

"Nobody but you, Bill, has a voice loike that."

"What the devil you doing here? What's your game, kid?"

The gun had lowered a little. Jackie touched a button and a blaze of light flooded the room. At a glance she saw a glittering array of silver on the table.

"Faith, an' ain't yez sociable, not astin' me to yer tea-party."

"Shut your trap and it'll be worth fifty to you, but if you squeal, I'll——"

Outside a dog barked. Bill, the Bloke, jumped and moved toward the table, but Jackie intercepted him.

"Nervous, ain't ye?"

"Git out o' the way. If they weren't sleepin' the sleep of the dead, they'd be down here now."

He grabbed at her, but she dodged and leaped forward. She must get the gun away. Stunned at her sudden attack, he hesitated, allowing her to gain a second's time. She clung to him, using feet and hands to good advantage. Again and again he shook her off, but he was beginning to grow exhausted under the strain. Then suddenly there was

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a flash, followed by a loud report. To Jackie the world seemed full of resounding crashes and suffocating smoke. Her side stung cruelly, but still she clung to him. He mustn't get the silver; she must call some one. She opened her mouth, but no sound came. Then there was a rush of feet outside, and she was sinking, sinking, sinking into oblivion.

Part III.

Mrs. Thornburg was sitting in a corner of the music room at the Spenser home, endeavoring to impart the news to Mrs. Forthworth, who was visiting in New York. She had come early, and having thoroughly inspected the beautiful decorations of yellow chrysanthemums and ferns, and being unable to find anything wrong, had settled down for a little chat.

"I met Bob in Paris this spring," Mrs. Forthworth was saying. "He said he had been in Europe for nearly five years, finishing his education and making love to princesses, but was coming home soon."

"Yes, and this must be a terrible blow to Alice Spenser's pride. Robert is the apple of her eye."

"But," objected Mrs. Forthworth, "she is said to be very beautiful, an accomplished pianist, and everything desirable. The men over here seem to have gone mad over her, and she was Lord Olden's chief topic of conversation, crossing."

"You evidently haven't heard who she really is."

Just then there was a flurry at the door and Lady Desmond was announced.

"I've heard," whispered Mrs. Thornburg as she entered the room. "that Lady Desmond is searching for the daughter of her youngest brother, whom she believes to be in New York. He was an artist and married the daughter of his father's bitterest enemy. His father disinherited him, so he took his wife to New York. The last that was heard from him was that he had a little daughter named Jackaline."

Then returning to her former subject, Mrs. Thornburg resumed,

"She is a common Irish girl, taken from the slums five years ago and educated by Alice Spenser, one of her whims. She saved the Spenser silver from being stolen and was shot by the thug. She was quite ill for some time and when she recovered, she seemed to exert a sort of hypnotic influence over Alice. She was sent to exclusive boarding schools, and finally to Vassar, while a musical education was given her by the best masters in America. However, her polish is only veneer, for instead of dropping her former associates, she frequently sees and entertains them. Why, she even has some here today!"

"And when Bob came back?" inquired Mrs. Forthworth, as her companion paused to catch her breath.

"Oh, he immediately forgot all about the blue blood and titles. After Jackie got settled down and lost her freckles and scratches (she

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was a terrible fighter) and was dressed decently, she looked quite pretty.

"Sh-h, Bob is saying something about Lady Desmond and the bride."

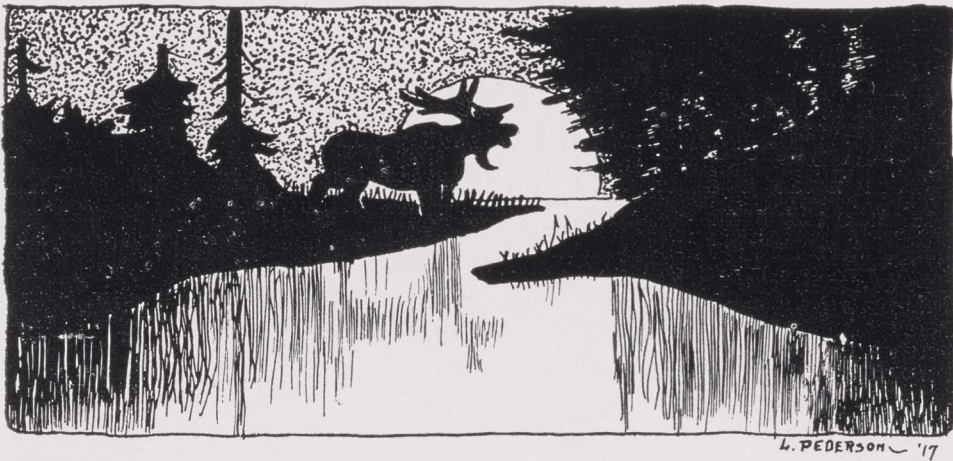
By the time Bob had finished speaking, Mrs. Thornburg seemed to have wilted into half her natural size.

"Mrs. Spenser will never get over this, to think she picked up a Glencore out of the slums, Lady Jackaline O'Niel Glencore."

And how about the little Irish girl, who but a few years ago had been a street waif? To Bob, as she rested on his arm, she appeared a queen of fairies; a veil of sea mist crowned her glorious hair and partially concealed her gown of shimmering satin.

"She is happy, anyway," sighed Mrs. Thornburg, and as she met Bob at the altar, she looked up at him and smiled.

—Bernice Daniel, '16.



To Save Himself



“PRETTY rough riding here, Tom,” said the younger of the two men, who was walking on ahead of his companion. Pointing to some large rocks a little further down stream, he continued, “There is a pretty good place to cross.”

Arthur led the way, springing lightly from rock to rock, until suddenly he came upon what seemed to be an unusually smooth, hard surface of sand.

He stumbled, his feet spreading apart in a peculiar way. Clutching at Tom's coat, he stopped.

“Look out! I don't like the looks of this sand.”

Tom was already stumbling behind Arthur, and the two clutched at each other's coats in an effort to balance themselves. Their faces were white and horror-stricken.

Arthur was the first to speak. His voice sounded oddly in his ears. He turned to the older man, who had been his friend and companion for ten years. He smiled, a queer, twisted, pathetic smile.

“Caught, Tom, caught like mice in a trap.”

They eyed each other quietly. Tom, heavy-set and tanned by the western sun, silently viewed his companion, who was tall, graceful, and thinner than the older man, though his broad shoulders gave an appearance of strength. Each had aged in the last few moments, and each seemed strange to the other.

“See if you can step back, Tom—and hurry.”

Tom made a determined effort, but only succeeded in sinking deeper into the harmless looking sand. Arthur made an equally strenuous effort. The sand-like mesh oozed around his feet and held him in a grip of steel.

“It's no use,” he said. His lips twitched and perspiration stood upon his forehead.

“It's up to my knees. I—Oh, Lord! there's something pulling at my feet. Let me go,” shrieked Tom. “I—Oh!”

The look of terror fled from Arthur's face. Gripping the other firmly, the blood rushing to his face and coursing wildly through his body, he jerked Tom by the collar.

“Don't be a fool, Tom,” he said roughly. “We've got to think and act quickly.”

With a mighty effort Tom controlled his trembling limbs.

“You're right, old man. Gee!” he added, “I nearly went off my base then, all right.”

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Arthur's face wore a boyish, puzzled look.

"There's surely a way out of this," he mumbled, as if to himself.

"We're a couple of fools, Art. Let's ditch these heavy rifles and bags."

They both tossed their rifles, bags, hats, and coats to the solid reath not ten feet away. The two minutes seemed an age to both. Every second they were sinking lower and lower. The end would come in a few minutes at best. They had already sunk up to their knees in the stuff. They would both be smothered like rats—then would come the end.

Funny thing, this old world of ours. Just when life looked so sweet and promising, with the whole world to conquer, and perhaps with Violet Wellwood—who knows? Only last night in the moonlight—.

Tom's voice sounded loudly in Arthur's ears.

"There's only one way out," he said slowly. "It's a chance, but I'll take it. I was always pretty lucky at gambling," he added under his breath. "There's no use of us both going under, if one can be saved, is there?"

His face, which had been so recently contorted with fear, assumed a crafty, calculating expression. He looked away as he made the suggestion.

"No, I suppose not," answered Arthur. "What's your scheme?"

Still looking away, the other continued: "If one of us threw himself forward, face down on the beach here, the other could probably climb over him and reach the bank.

"I see," said the younger man, a little coldly. "But who—we're friends, of course, and all that, but——"

"I'm not asking you to be a hero," said Tom, mockingly. "We'll toss a coin for it, if you have no better idea to offer?"

"No."

"Then here goes."

The coin flashed in the twilight and Tom's hand closed over it.

"Heads," said the other, sharply.

Tom looked at his hand oddly, slowly opened the trembling palm, and looked. He had lost. His already white face grew deathly.

"I win," shouted Arthur, and then flushed as if ashamed of his gladness.

"Yes, you win," said the other, dropping the coin carelessly into the sand. "I'll make good, but there is one favor I want you to do for me."

"Sure, certainly," said the other, quickly. "Anything you ask, of course."

"Take a message to Violet Wellwood for me. I knew you liked her, Art, and so I didn't tell you that last night she consented to be my wife. It's pretty hard to go now, just when life was beginning to look

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so dear to me. You understand, don't you, old man, and will do this for me?"

A dull, hurt, hopeless look came into Arthur's eyes. His face was haggard and worn.

"You are saying that Violet promised to marry you?" he asked, dully. "You're not joking, are you?"

"I don't joke about a thing like that," said the other, quietly.

"No, no, of course not."

"Then break the news gently to——"

"Stop! for God's sake! I can't stand it. Break the news gently. I—to her!"

He laughed—wildly, bitterly. Fool that he had been to love and believe in her. He would have trusted her with his life, with anything that was most dear to him.

"All right," he said recklessly. "Tell her—never mind. Good-bye, old chap."

Before Tom could move or utter a word, Arthur had flung himself flat on his face in the sand.

Not stopping to think, but acting on the impulse, prying himself loose from the oozing bog, Tom leapt to the bank from Arthur's shoulders. Then, realizing his act, he tried frantically to grab Arthur's flannel shirt. Grasping the loose collar, he tore it from his neck, the force of the act throwing him backward on the ground.

Crawling on his hands and knees, he looked at the place where he had last seen Arthur. Only a ripple was to be seen. The deadly yellow sand had closed forever over the man who had been his frined and companion.

Suddenly he heard hoof beats on the soft ground behind him. He glanced up and saw Violet galloping toward him. She was bareheaded, and her thick brown hair was flying in the breeze, her dark eyes sparkling, and her cheeks flushed from the ride. Reaching his side, she smiled down at him.

"Hello, Tom, where's Arthur?"

"Violet," he began, "Miss Wellwood——"

He could not look at her. He blessed the gloom. Why did not God strike him dead here before her?

Swallowing hard, and throwing out his hands before him, he staggered into the young night. He turned once and saw the motionless figure of a girl sitting upon a horse, dimly outlined in the shadow.

For more than an hour he wandered about aimlessly. Blindly he pushed into the underbrush, unconsciously stumbling and falling over the rough, uneven ground. Suddenly an owl's shrill hoot rent the air. He started and plunged forward. There was a cry, a shower of small rocks, a white, horror-stricken face, a cloud of dust, and after a moment, a heavy thud; then—silence. He had received speedy justice.

—Nina Squires, '16.

When It Rains

People who live in the city,
Always grumble and complain,
Looking as dismal as can be
When it begins to rain;
And you can't exactly blame them,
For I am free to say
There is nothing worse than the city,
On a rainy day.

Eaves and awnings dripping,
With black slush in the street,
Till you don't know whether to be mindful
Of your head or your slippery feet;
And you plod along, colliding
With people who pass you by,
Feeling 'lucky if an umbrella
Doesn't catch you in the eye.

But out in the open country,
Where Nature holds her sway,
No gloomy scenes of this kind
Mar the wintry day;
Numberless shades of green show
In the leaves of budding trees,
And as many more in the fragrant grain,
Rustling in the breeze.

The busy sparrows chatter
At every little pool,
Like groups of merry children
Hurrying home from school;
The blackbirds hunt in the furrows
For the worms they know are there,
And the larks, with joy o'erflowing,
Are singing everywhere.

—Elinor M. Nisson, '16

The Winner

ARRY MAGEE was riding down Buck's Creek trail, driving three fat beef cattle from the upper range to the ranch. He stopped at a bend, where the winding trail crossed the creek, in order to give his horse and cattle a drink. Dismounting and throwing the reins over his horse's head, he went through the underbrush at the side of the trail to a spring. After drinking his fill of the cold, pure water, he went back to the side of the trail where he could watch the animals.

He breathed in deeply the pure mountain air, and enjoyed the beautiful mountain scenery. Letting his gaze wander from the high mountain peaks, glistening in the early morning sun, to the large group of buildings which marked Buck's ranch, he saw, nestled up close to the encroaching mountains, and at the edge of the valley, the large, two-story, fort-like structure, built of logs and boards, which served as hotel, store, post office, and dwelling. To the right of this was the meat market. There were also several barns, wagon sheds, a blacksmith shop, and other farm buildings. In short, it was a little village in itself. Situated as it was in the heart of the mining country, and on the only road from the Sierras to the Sacramento Valley, it had always been an important station on the stage and express route since its establishment. It had become a general supply point for the miners for several miles around. Pack trains came and went daily. It was always a scene of activity. Such was the prosperity of old John Magee, Harry's father. His trade had become so extensive that he could not oversee it all, so he had given Harry the stock and market end of the business. Harry had accepted it, though his mind was bent more toward mining.

The cattle, having drunk their fill, splashed on through the creek, and Harry's clean-limbed iron-grey turned and whinnied a warning to him. He walked slowly down to his horse, still absorbed by his thoughts.

"Yes, sir," he said to himself, "my little Paradise would be complete if old Hawkins would only let me have Bessie. She can't leave him without his consent, and he won't give it just because of that rotten, mean grudge he's got against Dad for bidding over him for the post office, and in that way getting the trade away from him. Because of this unfounded grudge two innocent lovers must suffer. The last time I was there, six weeks ago, he even ordered me off the place." He reached out impatiently for the reins, as Colonel rubbed his nose on his broad

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shoulder in anticipation of his usual caress. "Well, well, Colonel, old boy, I nearly forgot you, didn't I?" he said, rubbing Colonel's nose. Then he jumped lightly on the horse's back and rode on down the trail after the cattle.

An hour later he drove the cattle into the slaughter-house corral, and then went into the shop for a business chat with Baxter. As Harry was about to leave, Baxter said, "Better bring in four next week. Business has picked up a bit since that big strike on Pyramid Lake."

Harry busied himself about the ranch for the rest of the day. The moon would be up at nine o'clock that night, so he decided not to leave for the range until about 8:30, for he figured that he would leave the road and hit the trail about nine o'clock, and the moon would light his way on into camp. Accordingly he got up to leave about 8:30. He went out through the hotel the front way, passing through the lounging room. Grizzled old Piute Lovejoy, a prospector, was telling a tale of the Monte Cristo Mine, situated on Spanish Peak, about five miles from there. Harry nodded his greetings to those assembled and stopped to listen, as the old man continued:

"Running through the mountain is one of those ancient river channels that formed the drainage of this region, long before the convulsions of Nature changed the face of the hills and our present water courses began to wear through the mountains those deep channels, in which we see them running today. For ages the channel of gravel with its rich deposits of gold was hidden away in the earth, waiting for the hand of the prospector to uncover it. The mine was located twelve years ago, and the tunnel was only three hundred feet below the top of the peak. They ran the tunnel into the mountain for thirty-five hundred feet with cross cuts every few feet from rim to rim of the channel. Jim Irwin and old Joseph Maxwell, the owners of the mine, intended running the tunnel the length of the channel before commencing operations. They had the last blast set, and Jim wanted to touch it off. Old Maxwell fortunately stayed back so as to give Jim a chance to get out. He hadn't much more'n just touched the fuse off when the explosion came and blew poor Jim to atoms. Old Maxwell said that he could see daylight on the other side, but that he never went back to investigate. He was a superstitious old fellow, anyhow. He abandoned the claim and died soon afterwards. That's the tale as 'twas told to me. All the work is done on the mine now, and I want somebody to file another claim on it with me, and go up and haul out the gold. Who's with me?" he asked, enthusiastically. But no one answered, for they had no faith in the story.

Harry left the stifling room and passed out into the cold night air. When in sight of camp he was surprised to see the camp fire burning brightly and Hank sitting down beside it.

"What's gone wrong, Hank?" he asked, for he knew something must be amiss, or Hank would have been rolled up in his blankets long before.

"Cattle thieves!" Hank blurted out angrily. "One was about your size and build, with a short, stubby beard, and the other was a young Mexican. They both wore masks. The cattle were all feeding nice and quiet, and I went over to the spring around the hill to fill the canteen. General acted kind o' funny when I rode up to the spring, but I thought he was just feeling his oats and didn't pay any attentin to him. I dismounted and dropped the reins over his head. I was leaning over the spring when he snorted and jumped. I pulled out my pistol and examined it, and just as I slipped it back into the holster, the one with the beard jumped out of the brush behind me and said, 'Hands up!' I reached for my pistol, but he said, 'Don't draw that; if you do you're a dead man.' I drew, however, and was about to shoot, when the Mexican jumped on me from behind and wrenched the pistol from my hand. They tied me to a near-by tree and were about to gag and blindfold me, when I protested, so they let the gag go. Then they tried to catch General. After chasing him around for a while the leader said, 'We're losing too much time; he's more bother'n he's worth.' After that I didn't hear nor see any more of them. I turned my head around to the tree and rubbed it against a limb to get the blind-fold off. It was slow work, but I finally slipped it down on my neck. I had been riding with my vest unbuttoned, and in my vest pocket was a small knife. I gathered in my vest in the back until I had the pocket behind me, and secured the knife after much trouble, for my hands were numb. I slashed away at the rope, cutting away at one wrist, then at the other. I finally freed my hands, after cutting my wrists badly, but the rest was easy. I tore up my bandana for bandages and tied up my wrists. Then I looked around for General, and found him browsing out on the range. The herd was gone, but I did not know where. I made a careful examination all around the valley, but I could not find any tracks where they had left, so I came to the conclusion that they had taken them over Shale Ridge and down Rabbit Creek. I went down the creek for quite a ways, and found some tracks on the bank, down near where it empties into Rush Creek, but I couldn't determine whether they had gone up or down."

Harry stared dumbly into the dying fire. It was a hard blow to him. Success had been nearly in his grasp and now his castles were tumbled about his ears. Everything was gone now.

"Come, come, Harry," said Hank, "don't give up the ship yet. There's still a chance of running the miserable skunks down."

Thus suddenly brought to earth, Harry's indignation arose, and calm determination showed in his dark eyes.

"Well, we'll turn in now," he said, "and get out early in the morning. You go over and follow down Rush Creek to Bear Creek. The canyon walls widen out and form a little valley about three miles down. They may be there, but if they aren't go back and go over the ridge to the south and over in the Feather River country. I'll go down to the ranch and send over some reinforcements. They'll probably catch up to

you on Bear Creek. Then I'll go down the stage road until I get to Rush Creek and follow that up, and go up in the Spanish Peak country. That way, one or the other of us ought to locate 'em."

They were off on their respective journeys long before sunrise the next morning. When Harry arrived at the ranch he sent half a dozen men after Hank, and then went on down the road and up Rush Creek alone. He had gone up the creek about a mile, when an uneasy feeling began to come over him. He felt that he was being watched.

He had gone but a little farther, when he heard an unusual rustling in the willows. Turning suddenly, he noticed the branches swaying back and forth, as though some animal had parted them and slipped through into their tangled masses. He rode back to the spot, but could find nothing, so he decided to dismount and proceed on foot, so that he could get down into the creek and see what was going on. He hurriedly rode through a grove of pines and on into some tall manzanita bushes. Here he concealed Colonel, and giving him a friendly pat on his sleek neck, left him. Making a detour, he came to the creek some distance above where he had left it, and wormed his way through the willows. After walking up the creek for half an hour, he came to the conclusion that he had either given his watcher the slip, or else he was a purely imaginary being. Upon rounding a bend, he found that the creek was clear of willows. He also noticed that the right bank was literally covered with cattle tracks, and that they led up over the ridge.

"Found at last," he said aloud. "Now I'll go back for Colonel and follow up these tracks."

"Not too quick, my son," said a gruff voice in his ear. "I've been waiting here for just such stray stragglers as yourself."

Harry swung around instantly, and made a quick grab for his gun, but was startled to find it missing.

"Yes, sonny, you see I took all the necessary precautions," said the masked man who was holding Harry's revolver in one hand, and pointing his own carelessly at him. He proceeded to unload Harry's weapon and slipped it into his holster, saying, "I reckon one will be all I need."

Harry was surprised when he found that, in walking, his holster had slipped around to his back, thus giving his pursuer the opportunity to take his gun. But he was more dumbfounded than ever to see who his captor was, for he knew him even though he had grown a beard and wore a mask. His captor did not think that he was recognized, but thought Harry's surprise was due to the fact that he had let his gun be taken away so easily.

"I must admit I done that pretty neat, all right," he said in a self-satisfied way. "But come, we must be going, or we won't get up to the Bowl before that thunder storm yonder hits us. Now you just pike ahead across the creek here, and follow that trail. I'll bring up the rear to be sure you get there all right."

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So they toiled up old Spanish's rocky side. They walked in silence until they came near the top, where the trail divided, one branch leading around one side of the mountain, the other going to the left, around the other side. "To the left," said the rear guard. The trail was only about two feet wide here, the mountain going straight up on one side and nearly straight down for two hundred feet on the other side. But it soon broadened and went down sharply onto a little bush-covered flat, where it seemed to end. Harry walked faster down the pitch, and his captor, in trying to keep up with him, caught his toe carelessly under a root, and went sprawling headlong down the trail. He put his hands out to break the fall and shield his face. In doing this, he let go the revolver, which went off as it rattled down the rocky trail.

Startled by the sharp report of the revolver, Harry turned around quickly to see what was up. Seeing the pistol a few feet away, he quickly grabbed it. Then he looked at his former captor, who with a groan was just raising himself on his left forearm. With his right hand the fallen man reached for the empty revolver in his holster.

"Just hand that over to me, Hawkins," said Harry.

Hawkins started as he heard Harry call his name, and then fully realizing the sudden turn things had taken, he said gloomily,

"Well, I guess my goose is cooked now. I knew all the time I hadn't ought to have done it. But I was fool enough to let my passion rule me and try and get revenge. Revenge for what, I really can't see, now that I am forced to look on all sides of the matter. I guess——" His sentence was broken off by an agonizing groan.

"Why, man, you're shot!" said Harry, noticing for the first time his blanched face and blood-soaked shirt.

He rushed to Hawkins' side to support and aid him in any way possible.

"No use now, Harry," he said, "I reckon my time check here on earth is filled out. But listen, and come closer—you seem so far away. Bessie is yours now, and for God's sake, Harry, keep good care of her. This is the Monte Cristo Mine. It opens on the other side into what is called the Devil's Punch Bowl." He stopped here and gasped for breath. Harry bent closely over the dying man to catch his last words as, with a last effort, he continued in barely audible whispers, "and the herd is over there too. There's a Mexican——"

With that he fell back, prostrate, on the ground. Harry carried his body into the mouth of the mine, and laid it on a pile of brush. Then he went on into the mine, and after some difficulty on account of the cross tunnels, he came to the mine opening on the other side of the mountain. There, in the spacious entrance, was the camp outfit of Hawkins and the Mexican. But the Mexican was not in sight. The sun had set and darkness was fast approaching. Suddenly he saw a lone rider come around

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a granite spur below him, and he watched closely as he wound in and out along the boulder-strewn trail.

"That's the Mexican," he thought to himself. "Now I'll wait till he gets up here within gun shot, and then I'll give him a royal reception."

The Mexican came up altogether too slowly for Harry, but he finally came within fifty yards of the mine entrance, and Harry leveled his revolver over the Mexican's head and fired three shots in quick succession.

The Mexican suddenly decided that it was his move, and that he was badly needed in other quarters, so he wheeled his horse around and leaning low in the saddle, he dashed with incredible speed down the rough trail. Harry watched until the blurred figure rounded the granite spur, and then he made himself at home in the new camp by getting himself some supper. Supper over, he sat down beside the fire to think things over.

"I'm just going to see if there is anything in old Lovejoy's story about this mine," he said. "In the morning I'll take a sack of the gravel and go up to the lake, for there must be a lake up at the head of this miners' ditch that goes past the entrance here, and wash it out and see how much it will run. If it pans out all right I'll form a gold mining company with Hank and Old Piute Lovejoy, who gave me this idea, and we can file out three new claims, embracing about three thousand acres, and organize a company called the Monte Cristo Gold Mining Co."

So accordingly, he took about twenty-five pounds of gravel up and washed it out in the lake, which he found to be situated about one hundred yards away from the Bowl.

"My conscience, what big nuggets!" he exclaimed, excitedly, as he held the pan up. There's at least fifty dollars in this twenty-five pounds of dirt. There will be enough here to make us all rich! We'll call this lake Gold Lake and that one down there, shining in the sunlight, Silver Lake. We'll have the mine going full blast in a month!"

—Wesley Wheeler, '16.



The Dying Day

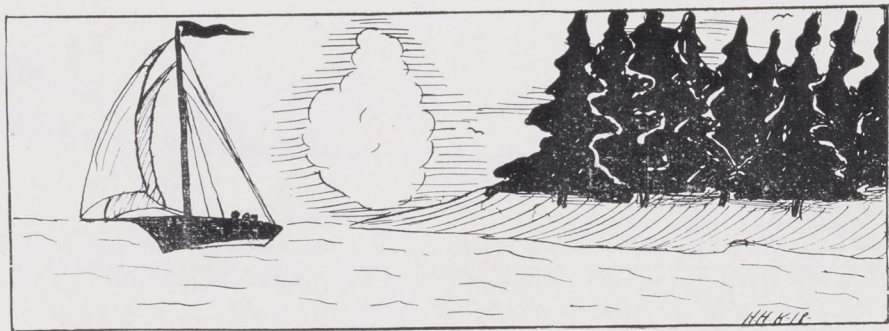
THE sun was low in the heavens. On one side of the road the grassy hillsides were flooded with the mellow light of the late afternoon. Lovely California wildflowers softly veiled the slopes, compelling even the most irreverent to note the work of the Master Artist in these fields, which were so close to the skies, so fresh and fragrant, and so free from the fret of the world.

On the opposite side the shadows were swiftly enveloping the hillside pastures with a gray so light and airy, that the sheep which were peacefully grazing in them, scarcely knew when to stop feeding and gather for the night.

Farther on, where the softly rolling hills gave way to the drowsy valley, the sunlight had grown wan, and had such a sleepy influence over the barnyard inhabitants that we, too, felt it, and urged our ever-faithful Beauty to quicken her pace. Eagerly she responded, and soon we were in the land where twittering birds and softly sung lullabys reigned after the toil of the day, whose sunset we now beheld, as we drove slowly up the tree-bordered lane leading from the highway to our home. On both sides of us towered great eucalyptus trees, and farther up, the lane was blocked by venerable oaks, behind which, and far away, rose the hills.

It was now growing deep twilight, and the trees were black against the rosy-pink glow of the sky. Perhaps the color was much enhanced by the border of trees, which seemed to frame it, and perhaps it needed just that border of black to set off Nature's own painting, and to make that day's passing a lasting impression on the minds of the two who viewed it.

—Mildred Hogan, '17.



How Jake Hopped the Question



AKE Newbury gave a last pat to his tie, put on his coat, and stood back to view himself in the small mirror. He saw a freckled face with features that would produce despair in the mind of anyone who likes regularity, a beautiful new celluloid collar, and a flaming red tie, from the folds of which gleamed a large imitation diamond.

Evidently Jake was satisfied, for he gave an appreciative grin, grabbed his hat and cane, blew out the light, and walked forth into the foggy evening. The cane was a gift from a rich maiden aunt of Chicago, who, it seems, did not know that canes were rarely seen or used in Pickville. However, Jake considered it his duty to use it on important occasions out of respect to his aunt. He minced along carefully to avoid getting water or mud on his well-blackened shoes, holding his cane awkwardly. His face had a sober aspect, for he was about to put the important question to the "only girl."

"Lemme see," he mused, "if Lena'll have me, I'll have some of those electric lights put in like the Judge's got. But gee! if she won't have me—," and then he began to worry again.

Lena Anderson was the prettiest and most popular girl in the village, and although she had many suitors, it was commonly rumored that Jake Newbury was the favored one.

As Jake walked along toward the Anderson home, he could just make out through the fog Jennie Powell, standing at her front gate.

"Hello, Jake," she called, "were you comin' here? Now don't say you weren't," she continued, as the flustered young man started to stammer an excuse. "Come right in and we'll have a nice evening together."

There was nothing left for Jake to do but follow Jennie, for she kept up such a flow of talk that he could not get a word in edgewise. He thought that perhaps he might as well stop in for a while and then go on and see Lena later, for Jennie was a very good friend of Jake's, a sort of adviser, in fact, who had helped him out of many difficulties.

To Jake's surprise and relief, Jennie broached the very subject which he himself was considering.

"Why don't you get married, Jake?" she asked, with a sly glance.

"Well,—I—," and he stopped short with a gasp, and stared into vacancy, with a foolish expression.

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"Well, go on," said his fair questioner. "Why don't you? Just tell me right out. I've always been a very good friend of yours, haven't I?"

"Yes, but —O, pshaw! I don't know."

"Yes you do, now. What makes you so nervous? Are you in love? Oh! I'll bet you are. That's what is the matter! Go on now, aren't you?"

"Well, er—yes, Jennie, I am in love! Now don't tell any one, will you?" he questioned in agonized accents.

"Why no, Jake, I'll not breathe a word of it to anyone, if you don't want me to. You know I won't, don't you, Jake?" she asked in mellow tones, with her cherry lips close to his ear. "You know I've always been a very good friend of yours, don't you, Jake? And I'll do anything for you that you want me to."

"Yes, Jennie, I know you will, and so I——"

"Well, Jake?"

"——I've wanted to speak to you about it for a long time, but I wasn't just sure that you would do it."

"Why yes, Jake, you know I would, and you should have asked me long ago, for all that."

"Well, I——. Jennie, do you think I'm old enough to get married?"

"Why yes. I think people should get married when they are young and inclined to love one another."

"That's just what I think and I do want to get married, so if you'll ——"

"Indeed I will, Jake. I've always been partial to you, and have often said so behind your back. I'll do anything you wish."

"H'm, I thought maybe you'd object."

"Object! Why, no! What is it, Jake?"

"Well, I thought that if you would ask Lena Anderson to be my wife, and thus save me the——the——"

The what, you big lummoX? Lena Anderson! H'm! You didn't know she was engaged to Tom Carter, did you? Well, she is!! And——Oh! you horrid thing!! Go away! I thought you loved her!! Not me!"

"Why," said the uncomprehending Jake, "I do like you, Jennie."

"But you don't love me," she sobbed.

Jake considered. If Lena was already engaged, he surely couldn't marry her, so he might as well take Jennie after all, if she felt that way about it, and anyway, he liked her "awfully."

"Why, honey, I do too," he exclaimed, as he took her in his arms. "I was only teasin' you about Lena!"

—Gertrude Bowman, '18.

True Blue



JACK BERESFORD plunged through the pile of brown autumn leaves in the gathering dusk, with hands thrust deep in his pockets and a scowl on his rather handsome face.

"I don't see why Uncle Tom has to be so mean," he grumbled. "Just because a fellow gets in and has a jolly time with the other fellows is no reason why he should cut off his allowance. I just wish I was of age, I'd show him!" He drew a crumpled paper from his pocket, which had caused the frown on his usually cheery face, and read it.

My dear Jack:

I have overlooked many of your careless and rowdy ways. But Friday's escapade was the last straw. When it comes to a Beresford carousing with some of the worst boys in school, I draw the line. Your mother placed you under my care and told me to treat you as I would my own child. When I think that my brother's only child would stoop to such things, I can not express my feelings. I sent you to Dartmouth hoping that you would show the Beresford spirit, but you don't seem to have any. Enclosed you will find a check for twenty dollars, the very last that you will get from me until you have proven yourself a man and a Beresford!

Thomas Beresford.

Jack crushed the letter angrily in his hand.

"I guess I'll have to leave dear old Dartmouth now. But I'll show him that I am and will be a man!" Then his thoughts began to take a different turn. What would Jeanne do? Would she think less of him because he had to shift for himself? No, he thought not; she was too good for that, the thought was unworthy of her. And he had to say good-by to her. Should he go to see her? No, he could not bear that—he would send a note before he left. Later that evening he slipped quietly up the stairs to his room. He had fought a bitter battle with himself and had won.

The next day being Saturday, Jack, with head held high and a determined look in his eye, conducted an auction in his room. He sold or gave away everything he had but a few clothes and keepsakes. Then,

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after packing a number of pennants and trophies in a small trunk, he wrote the following letter to his uncle.

Uncle Tom:

As you are my guardian, and have taken this method to show me your displeasure, I can not rebel. When a small trunk arrives, stick it in the basement for me, as I can't take it where I am going. You will not hear from me until I have proven myself a man and a Beresford.

Good-by,

Jack.

Jack was one of the most popular boys in school and received a grand ovation as the train pulled out. He was bound for a lumber camp, which belonged to his uncle, far back in the hills of Maine, although no one knew it. As the train rounded the curve he took a last look at dear old Dartmouth, gritting his teeth to keep back the tears that would come.

When he arrived at the lumber camp he gave his name as John Richards, as he did not want any one to know who he was, and started as a general chore boy. It was hard, but in the months that followed he proved his mettle.

Four months later Thomas Beresford received this telegram from St. Mary's Hospital, Portland, Maine.

Nephew dangerously ill here. Come at once.

He left on the next train and to him it seemed to fairly crawl. The wheels said over and over, "It's your fault, your fault, your fault!"

This is the story the head doctor told him after he reached the hospital:

"The boy was brought to us three days ago by the head of your largest lumber camp. He said the boy had been with him a little more than three months. At first he worked as a chore boy and received a great deal of chaffing, but he finally won the favor of the whole camp by boxing with and defeating the camp bully. Afterwards he became a great help in driving the teams and cutting trees. He had become a great favorite with all the camp for his fine, manly ways.

"One day he and one of the men were felling a tree. Just as it tottered and began to fall, he saw in the direct line of the tree, Bobby, the boss' little son. Like a flash, at the risk of his own life, he rushed for Bobby. He saved the terrified child, but received a crushing blow from one of the big limbs himself.

"Mr. McKline, the boss, brought him to the hospital as fast as was possible. They did not know who he was until, in a delirious state, he

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kept calling for "Uncle Tom" and telling him that he had proven himself a man and a Beresford. So they sent for you."

The meeting between Jack and his uncle was a happy one. "Uncle Tom!" was all Jack said, but the half wistful, half triumphant look in the lad's eye was enough. There were tears in the elder man's eyes as he grasped his nephew's hand in a strong hold.

Some time later Jack sat in an armchair by the window talking to his uncle. "Uncle Tom, I am so happy to be home again."

His uncle said something in a husky voice and hastily left the room.

Jack turned his face to the window to watch the beautiful sunset.

"Yes," he mused, "I am happy but for one thing. I wonder what Jeanne thinks."

Just then his thoughts were interrupted by a step behind him and a pair of soft hands slipped over his eyes.

"Jeanne!" he murmured. Then she drew a chair up beside him and a great many things were explained.

—Blanche W. Dykes, '17.

EVENING

Slowly sinks the splendid sun,
Far beneath the trees,
Reddening the clouds of Heaven
Mirrored in the seas.

Softly twilight's creeping on,
Dark'ning sunset clouds;
All the loveliness of earth
Dusk of evening shrouds.

Soon above the darkened world
Peeps the first wee star,
Then a round, red harvest moon
Streams its light afar.

—Gladys M. Greene, '17.



Billie Buys a Farm

The day was bright and sunny
And business going well,
But Billie in his office
A prey to dreaming fell.
He thought of woods and meadows
And all their sylvan charms;
"Good-bye, old town," he murmured—
For Billie buys a farm.

He found a roomy dwelling
With violets 'round the door,
A covered well beside it,
A rustic fence before;
An old, old apple orchard,
Where sang, secure from harm,
A host of feathered songsters—
So Billie bought the farm.

But getting up so early
To milk by lantern light,
And feeding pigs and chickens
Was not a great delight.
A pain was in his shoulder,
A cramp was in his arm,
And life was full of trouble
For Billie on the farm.

He loved his growing gardens,
His fragrant pasture lands,
But not his aching muscles
And badly blistered hands.
The family looked upon him
And felt a grave alarm.
"We must," they said, "a hand bear
To Billie on the farm."

Now Paul attends the horses,
The cows are Mary's care.
The pigs and geese and chickens
Jeanette's attention share:
And George in bees discovers
A never failing charm.
So everyone is happy
With Billie on the farm.

—Mabel George, '17.

The Boy Without a Chance

 CAN'T see how we are going to have much of a chance to win that game with Westville High School next Saturday, with Jones out of the game," remarked Bob Walker captain of the Lakeview High School baseball team, to his brother, as they walked home from the ball park together.

"Oh, I don't know. There's Dan Brown. Just because he's big and clumsy is no sign he can't play ball. You can't always tell by the looks. Why, you haven't even given him a chance," returned Ed.

"That's true, too, but I can't waste my time on fellows who can't run any faster than he," said Bob.

"Well, I think you're very foolish. Why, I saw him catch a fly last night that was a stunner, and believe me, he wasn't slow in getting it, either," answered Ed.

"It's funny; I have never seen him make any of those plays," returned Bob.

"It's because you haven't tried. You think he doesn't know how to play, so you don't watch him," said Ed.

"Well, it's only a week more until the game and I can't afford to waste any time on him. I have Fredericks, the freshman, who, I think will do, but not nearly so well as Jones. Substitute is the best I can do for Dan," said Bob as they entered the yard.

In one more week Westville and Lakeview were to meet in the biggest game of the year for the championship of the league. Up until now everyone had held high hopes of winning at Lakeview, but their hopes were shattered when the report of Jones' accident was circulated. He was considered Lakeview's best player, and was a big loss to the team. The physician stated that there would be no improvement in his ankle for some time, so the position was left to either Fredericks or Dan.

Dan Brown, a senior at Lakeview, was a large, loose-jointed and clumsy boy, who had been trying for the last two years to make the baseball team. His ungainliness was against him, and the captain, judging from looks, refused to let him play in any of the practice games. This was a keen disappointment to him, but nevertheless he was always at practice with the rest, and in this way kept himself in good condition.

When he saw Jones sprain his ankle his hopes rose, but fell suddenly when he remembered that Bob had been paying a good deal of attention to Fredericks of late.

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Thursday afternoon the line-up for the game was posted on the bulletin board, and when Dan arrived to see it, he found a large crowd of boys gathered around. When he saw it a lump rose in his throat. Only a sub! He heard some one remark,

"Why that big boob can't even play marbels!"

"He ought to feel lucky to be even a sub," then came from another.

These remarks hurt. "If they would only give me a chance, I'd show 'em," he thought. It was a solemn Dan who went about his work that afternoon.

Just as he was about to leave for home Ed, who was a pretty good friend of his, came up to him and said,

"Bob says there is to be no practice tonight, so if you haven't anything else to do, I'd like you to come over to the diamond with me. I want to show Bob you are really better than Fredricks."

So that afternoon found Dan eagerly chasing the flies which Ed batted to him. Bob was a disinterested spectator and because of his inattention he missed seeing Dan catch many a hard fly. However, he was aroused once when he heard his brother yell to Dan, "There's one you won't get!" He turned around in time to see Dan turn his back on the ball, run in the same direction the ball was traveling, and then turn around in time to grasp the elusive sphere. It was a good catch, and Bob knew it, but he said nothing. Ed turned to him and said,

"Well, that just about proves my assertions. Doesn't it?"

"Pretty nearly, but can he bat?" was Bob's answer.

"That remains to be seen in the game," returned Ed, confidently.

Dan came in covered with perspiration, expecting a word of praise from Bob, but all he got was a, "No practice tomorrow. Be at the grounds at one-thirty Saturday. I think I can carry you as a sub."

Dan's face fell and he turned away to hide the look of disappointment.

"Well, it's time I was beating it for home," he said. "So long, fellows."

Saturday came, and with it came a perfect day for baseball. Dan arrived at the dressing room at one o'clock, and found several of the players there. The rest could be heard out on the diamond. He quickly donned his uniform and was soon with the rest.

The grandstand was already crowded with rooters, who had come fully prepared to boost for their team.

At one-thirty the Westville team arrived and immediately went to the diamond for practice. They went through their practice full of ginger and confidence. Then Lakeview took the field and they, too, were full of snap and ginger. They went through their practice and then came in for final instructions.

Just before telling Fredricks to go to left field, Bob looked at Dan

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as though he were undecided as to whom he should send. His heart softened.

"It seems as though I ought to give him a chance. This is his last year and his last chance to earn his block letter, but this is the Big Game and I can't afford to take chances, and——"

"Play Ball!" yelled the umpire.

"All right, fellows, let's eat 'em alive! Take left field, Fredricks," ordered Bob.

The players took their places and waited. Westville's first batter walked to the plate with a wide grin on his face, but it changed to a serious frown after Harris had put two strikes over on him. On the third pitch he hit an easy grounder to the second-baseman, who picked it up and threw to first for the first out. The next batter hit a long fly to center field, but was out on a pretty catch by the fielder. The third batter hit a pop fly to the short stop, making the third out.

Lakeview came in full of confidence, but their fate was the same as Westville's.

The game went through the third inning with nothing of any importance happening. In the fourth Westville's first batter got a hit. The next struck out. The following hit a hard grounder to the third-baseman, who could not handle it. The runner who was on first went to third on the hit and the batter was safe at second. Two men on base and only one out! This looked bad for Lakeview. Harris tightened up and put three strikes over to the next batter. Two outs. The next batter walked to the plate determined to make a name for himself. Harris' first pitch was a strike. The next was a ball. Then came a ball over the plate even with the batter's shoulders. He stepped forward and swung. The ball and bat connected and the ball was sent toward left field. Fredricks, seeing the ball coming his way, ran forward to get it, but he stepped into a rut and fell, while the ball went over his head to the fence. The two men who were on base scored. The batter was just turning second when the center fielder, who had raced over and picked up the ball, threw with all his might to third base. The ball rose in a beautiful arch and soared directly towards third. It hit in front of the base and bounced into the waiting glove of the third-baseman, who stooped and tagged the runner as he slid into the base.

"You're out!" yelled the umpire.

Three outs, but the damage had been done and Lakeview was on the small end of the score. The fielders came in, Fredricks limping badly.

"Did you hurt your ankle?" asked Bob.

"Yes, I stepped into a hole and turned it, but I guess it will be all right," answered Fredricks.

The coach examined the now badly swollen ankle. "No, it isn't all right." You'll have to find some one to take his place, Bob. He can't finish the game on this foot."

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Bob glanced at Dan. His eager expression was now changed to an indifferent one. He had lost all hopes of getting into the game.

"Take left field next inning," said Bob.

So after three easy outs had been made Dan started towards left field. The crowd saw and a murmur of protest arose. Some one remarked, "It's good-bye ball game now for sure."

Dan heard, but he gritted his teeth.

"They think I'm not good enough. I'll show 'em," he muttered bitterly.

His first chance to show them what he could do was in the fifth inning, but the best he did was to raise a fly to right field, which was caught by the fielder.

The game went on until the seventh. Both teams were working perfectly and no more runs were scored by either side. In this inning Bob, the captain, was the first batter up. He hit a hard one between left and center fields and when the ball had been returned to the infield he was on second. The grandstand was in an uproar. He stole third and the stand went wild. With a man on third and no outs Lakeview was sure of one run. The next batter received a base on balls. The next two struck out. Then came another base on balls. Three men on bases, two out, a chance to win the game, and—Dan at bat! Would he make good? The crowd was undecided whether it should cheer or not and the result was a weak demand for a hit.

He gripped his bat and faced the pitcher. In spite of his awful position he grinned. The pitcher tried to grin back, but it was too hard. He was in a hole. His first pitch came wide of the plate.

"Ball one!" yelled the umpire.

The next was also wide.

"Ball two!"

The next was a trifle high and Dan in his over-anxiety to hit, struck at it and missed.

"Strike one!"

Another ball. Three balls and one strike! In order to get the next one over the plate to keep from walking his man the pitcher had to throw the ball over the plate, without trying to make it curve. The result was a straight ball even with Dan's waist. He expected it and swung.

When the cheering had subsided, Dan was on third and three runs were across the plate. The next batter struck out, but Lakeview was on the long end of the score now, three to two.

The ninth inning came. This was the visitors' last chance. Fired with the desire to win they came in determined. A team made up of this sort of material is a hard thing to reckon with.

The first man bunted towards third and reached first without being

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thrown out. The next following sacrificed, the man on first going to second.

One out.

Then came a hard drive to center field and the man on second went to third.

The next man struck out.

Two outs and two men on base!

Then another base on balls! Harris was beginning to feel the strain under which he was working. He threw three straight balls to the next batter. If he walked this man he would force a run in and the score would be tied. He slowly "wound up" and then suddenly shot the ball forward. It was straight and swift. The batter swung and the ball went towards the left field fence. The men on bases started for home plate. The crowd lost all hope. Why not? With a hard fly sailing towards the left field fence and the big awkward Dan in left field, what else could be expected?

Dan saw at once that it was a hard drive, and he knew that if he ever expected to get it he would have to move faster than he had ever moved before, so he turned and sprinted toward the fence. He looked over his shoulder once and the ball was almost to him; he ran a few steps farther, turned, and thrust up his big, right ungloved hand. The ball hit with a smack, bounced up, then fell again into his hand, where it stuck under the tight grasp which Dan gave it, as he fell over against the fence.

It was a wonderful catch! The crowd went wild; it poured out onto the field and the foremost of them shouldered Dan and carried him across the field to the dressing room.

The game was saved and by the clumsy Dan!

—Leland Pederson, '17.



My Diary

January 3.

To think that I'm sixteen today! Sixteen whole, bursting years of happenings gone by! It does seem queer to be so old, don't you know? Dad put his hand on my shoulder and gripped it hard when I came down to breakfast this morning, and said, "Well, I'm beginning to think that my little girl is growing up." Little girl, Hm! and on my sixteenth birthday! Anyway, he's a dear and didn't act like Ma. Goodness, you might have thought I was a hopeless harum-scarum! She told me very plainly that I was old enough now to act like a sensible human being. As if I didn't anyway!

Got a scrumptious set of furs and the duckiest hat! You know, the kind that reposes on one ear and is smashed up on the other side. Really, if I didn't have a pug nose and red hair I wouldn't be so bad after ail! (Although I am all legs and arms.) I tried to sit down like Sis the other day and was politely informed that I shou'dn't flop down so, and to please have mercy on the furniture.

Saturday, 4th.

Do you see how I live and look at Frederick every day? I nearly set Mary (Ma's maid) off into convulsions when I was showing her how he acted, and just as I was doing the funniest part, in stalked Mother! Well, my back was toward her, but long before she spoke, I felt her. Mary just naturally crawled out and if my legs weren't so everlastingly long. I'd have done so too. But I stood there and absorbed all her fury! Sis says that he's the catch of the season and has oodles of money. Money or no money, you wouldn't catch me tying any walking skeleton with a monocle and a "bully good nose" to my apron strings! I'd as soon marry the gardener, and he's a fright!

8:45 p m.

I'm hopeless, I know, but then there's no use in drumming it in! As usual, I said something I wasn't supposed to at dinner tonight, and Freddie, the deah boy, choked on his soup and Ma began talking about the "delicious" weather and here it's been raining so hard for a week that I expect the summer house to go floating down the yard any minute. Naturally, I was sent to my room and here I am, disgraced! Somehow or other I think that "life's one darn thing after another."

Thursday, 9th.

I expect the world will end any minute. I know it! It can't possibly be true! I'm so gloriously happy that when Sis told me I had supercilious eyebrows, I just grinned. She almost threw a fit and Ma ran after the smelling salts. Well, I can't keep it any longer! I'm going away to boarding school!! Joy! Oh, bliss!!

Dad told me at dinner, and I was so excited that I salted my tea and put sugar on my potatoes.

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Monday, 13th.

Everything is in a turmoil. I never before even guessed my real importance; the house is completely at my command, and talk about clothes! I'm in my seventh heaven. You ought to see my new pumps! They're a dream! Really, I'm so full of clothes and instructions that I can't write any more. I felt like a big kitten, so happy that if any one should pet me, I'd be sure to purr!

9:30 p. m., Sunday, 26th.

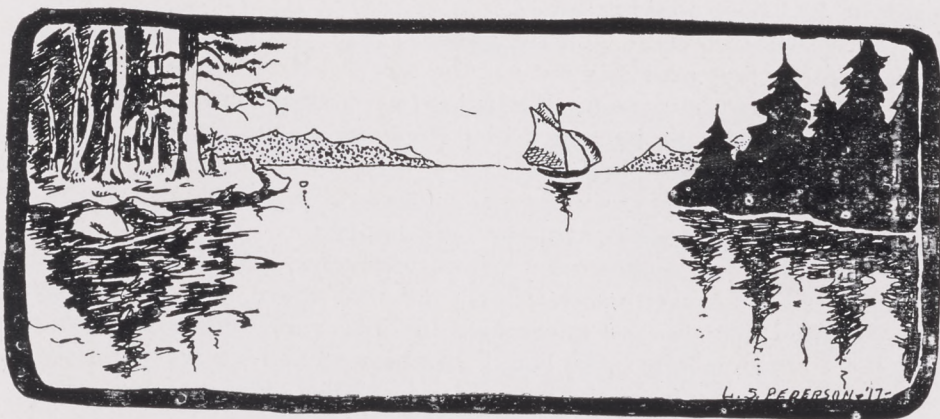
I'm here! I arrived this afternoon at 3:40, and a big woman with a funny little hat met me at the station, and brought me here. They took me up to my room, a little white affair with great big windows overlooking the gardens, a little enameled bed, two back-breaking chairs, and the most adorable dressing table! With my pillows and pictures and things, it will be a dream.

I'll never forget my first appearance. All the girls were assembled in a big room off the great solemn hall, and the same big woman took me by my hand and introduced me to each one. My hand, by the time I'd gotten through, felt as if it had been put under a steam roller!

Everything is so strange! Nothing is clear, only a sea of girlish faces, a confused idea of bells and studies and house rules! I wonder what will happen to me in this big place? It seems all too wonderful. It's like reading a thrilling story in a magazine, the deep dyed-villain grasps the fair damsel by her flowing locks and then—in disgusting type—

(To be continued!)

—Dorothy Olmsted, '17.



His Awakening



JIMMIE Hartford was looking for a job. Jobs were scarce in New York; that is, the kind Jimmie was after. He wanted something that would draw ten or twelve dollars a week, and that wouldn't raise any blisters on his hands in doing it.

Now Jimmie wasn't what you would call a lazy chap. He had worked hard before he reached the age of nineteen, but after the passing away of his mother, he had no one to encourage him, and he lost interest in his work. For nearly a year he and his sister lived together—she keeping house while he held a position in a large dry goods house. One day the firm went to pieces and Jimmie lost his job. That same day his sister Jane disappeared, leaving no clue whatever. The police spent a great deal of time and her brother spent all his money in seeking her, but it was in vain.

Giving up all hope of seeing her again, he sought another job, found one, and held it for two years. But he thought that there surely must be many positions much easier than his; and the manager acknowledged his resignation.

And so it came to pass that James Hartford was again walking the streets of New York, looking for a "soft job." As he passed the building of a large newspaper, it suddenly came into his head that he could make good as a reporter. It was easy work, and he had always been a clever writer. He remembered friends had often remarked that he was made for such a position.

A few minutes later he entered the office of the "New York Times," asked for a place on the Reporters' Staff, answered a few questions, and promised to return the next day. Then he realized that he had found what he had been looking for.

Two eventful years quickly passed. For Jimmie Hartford they were eventful, but probably not for the world. He became aware of the fact that he was now a man. He had grown a small mustache and didn't recognize himself; he became Chief Reporter on his paper; received a desk of his own, and had his salary raised to a hundred and sixty dollars a month. He was not raising blisters on his hands, which was just the reason that what happened did happen.

The editor, an elderly man whom everyone liked, had noticed that Jimmie's work showed carelessness, and that there was not enough of it. He knew that he had never held his jobs very long, and he wanted to keep Jimmie as long as he could. So he watched him very closely and when things went from bad to worse he called him into his office.

"Sit down, son," said Mr. Tabbot.

Jimmie drew up a chair before his superior and braced himself for

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the expected storm. Mr. Tabbot seldom asked anyone into his little room for anything but a lecture.

"Son," and the old gentleman cleared his throat with a few short little coughs, "son, there's no one on this paper that I like better than you, and I want to keep you here until you are ready to die. But what I want to tell you is this: you go right home and pack your duds in a grip and come back here ready to sail on a steamer leaving for China, at 3:18.

But Mr.——"

Not a word, but wait until I've finished what I started. Now to go on. You're going to go to China because I want you to wake up. Why, man, you're as dead as the King of Egypt! You were the liveliest one I had in this place when you first came here, but now you're losing interest, you don't care, and you'll soon be losing your job. So I have decided that a little trip to China ought to wake you up. Now what do you think about it?"

"Well," answered Jimmie, "I've always wanted to go to China and this plan of yours just suits me. Only, who pays the expenses?"

"Don't you worry about expenses, but listen to what I have to say. Don't you dare show your face here until you have been gone one year, and until you've had a taste of love, mystery, and adventure. In fact, I want you to find some nice girl and get married, for then she would wake you up."

Now Jimmie Hartford had never been in love. Few women attracted him, but he had always pictured in his mind a beautiful girl whom he hoped, some day, to marry. He had never seen the Girl of Dreams, but he was determined that he would never leave her—if once he found her—without having placed upon her finger the golden band that secures all promises of love.

He didn't tell Mr. Tabbot about this girl—he was afraid he would be laughed at. He thanked him, though, for the interest he had taken in him, and went down to his rooms to prepare for his journey. When he had gone, the editor leaned back in his chair and chuckled, "Hump, China!"

That evening found Jimmie on the deck of the "Maronia." Liberty's torch had long disappeared and now nothing but the endless stretch of blue could be seen. As he leaned over the rail he thought of busy New York, and then of the place where he was bound for. At the thought he nearly broke down, but he pulled himself together as he recalled the last words of Mr. Tabbot, "Don't forget that you're going after love, mystery, and adventure."

He woke up on the morning of the last day at sea with a feeling that something was going to happen. It was an odd feeling, and he couldn't shake it off. By Jove, he did kind of wish something would happen so he could start his adventure! All day long he waited and still nothing

occurred, but that evening the expected came to light.

As he walked the deck with his after-dinner pipe in his mouth, he heard a cry of pain from a near-by cabin. So he approached and called, "Well, what's the trouble?"

He received no answer, so he repeated his question. Still no answer came from within. Surely, he thought, this person couldn't have left the cabin, so he opened the door and peered into the darkness. As he strained his eyes to see, a small white box was placed in his hand, and a man gasped.

"Be my friend,—for God's sake! I'm a trusted—trusted messenger—but—O, my heart—I've had spells—this time I'll die——"

When Jimmie went to his room he hastily tore the paper from the box, opened it, and found a small card covering a large, blood-red ruby ring. On the card was written, Kindly give this to Laura H., Tomura Way, Peking. He examined the ring, which seemed to be a very valuable piece of jewelry, and then set it down before him.

"Well," he remarked, "I guess you're the mystery all right."

That afternoon the "Maronia" dropped anchor in the harbor of Peking. Jimmie, nervous from excitement, was one of the first to reach shore. He hastily left the water-front and was soon standing on one of Peking's principal streets. With his eyes taking in everything, he wandered along with the crowd, one shoulder touching a coolie, the other brushing the arm of a well-dressed American.

The sight of a policeman aroused him to the fact that he must inquire his way to Tomura Way. But the information received from the guardian of the law was rather vague, although after a half hour's walk he came to what he thought must be the street.

"This is sure some Fifth Avenue," he remarked to himself, as he stood surveying the short, narrow thoroughfare with its houses huddled together like so many sheep, and black sheep at that. Seeing what seemed to be a shop of some kind, he concluded by, "I guess I'll go in there and inquire about my lady friend, for this seems to be the only store in this vicinity, and she surely must trade somewhere."

But when he opened the door of the shop, which proved to be one of general merchandise, he was taken quite unprepared by the surprise that he received. For there, standing back of a small counter, was his Girl of Dreams. He had found her, and in China, the last place on earth he expected to meet her. He stopped and gazed and she in turn looked upon him as if he were a god. Then he noticed a sigh of relief escape her lips, but still they gazed. He broke the silence.

"Pardon me, but do you know of anyone by this name?" He handed her the card he had found with the ring.

She read it, and as she read he watched her. "No, this can't be Jane, because she had dark hair and this girl's is light. No, it's just a resemblance, and besides, Jane didn't have that little scar on her wrist and——"

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The girl's voice roused him from his thoughts.

"You asked if I knew anyone by this name. Do I? Oh, sir, I am she, and, sir, I could almost kiss you!—please do not mind me, sir, but I am so happy." She lowered her voice.

"Come over and pretend you are buying something."

He leaned over a fine piece of goods and she told him her story. She could not leave until evening and then she must go secretly, for her employer, an old Chinaman, watched her very closely. She had asked him for work and secured it upon the condition that she would stay five years. Down in the mouth and despondent, she consented. Accordingly, in order to leave, she would have to take advantage of a favorable opportunity.

"Now please hurry," she said, "and I will meet you at Hotel Peking at eight o'clock. Be sure and be there, for I'm just dying to talk to you." She raised her eyes and gave him a smile that made his heart go "clumpty-clump" and miss a beat.

Five weeks after Editor Tabbot had sent Jimmie to China, he received a telegram from Peking which read:

Will be home the 30th.

J. H.

Tabbot read it in surprise. "Why, that blankety-blank cub coming home this early!" he exclaimed. "Why, he could no more than have found out what a jinrikisha is, in five weeks." But he didn't know what Jimmie had been doing.

The 30th came, and all morning Tabbot acted like a small boy waiting for Christmas. The office force wondered, and a few even smiled. Late in the afternoon Jimmie walked into the editor's office.

"By George, son, you're looking fine," he exclaimed, as he turned the other around and around, "but you're back mighty early, aren't you?"

"Oh, well, I don't know, for I think I've been waked up. I can work now, but it will take quite a while to forget a few things. I've had a taste of adventure and mystery, and let me tell you this, I've had all I want of love."

Tabbot noticed that he spoke in a rather shaky voice.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked.

Jimmie told him about his experience on the boat, about finding the girl, and how she was his Girl of Dreams, the girl he was determined to marry.

"Mr. Tabbot, I loved that girl more than words can tell. She told me that the ring I brought her was from the man to whom she was engaged. It seems that they had quarreled but made up, and he was to send her this ring by a friend, who was going to the Orient. But this friend felt an attack of heart trouble coming on, and fearing he might die before he could deliver the ring, called on me to finish the expedition. Well, we

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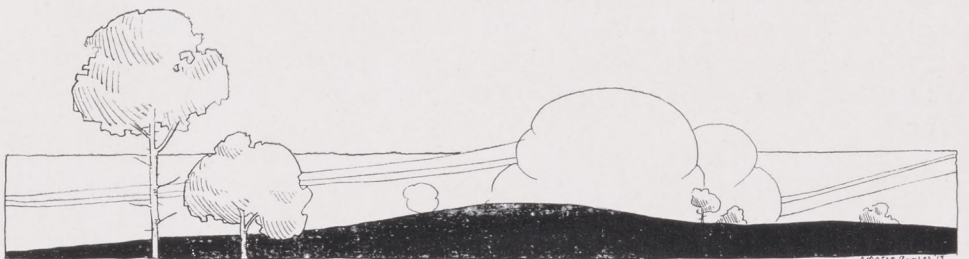
got pretty well acquainted, this girl and I, and one night I asked her to marry me. I told her she was the one girl I would ever love and I simply must have her. She said she thought a lot of me and that she had been away from the other man so long that her love for him had died; so she promised to be my wife.

"But she was married to HIM this morning. Oh, God, if I could only feel glad and happy instead of feeling so miserable. I really should, Mr. Tabbot, but I can't." And with this he broke down and cried.

"Come, come, sonnie, don't act like a love-sick girl," urged the old gentleman, "be a man and tell me why you are so down in heart. I know it's hard to lose a girl you think a lot of, but you should take it differently."

"It's not—that," sobbed Jimmie, "it's not that. Mr. Tabbot—what would you do if—if you loved a woman greater than—words—could tell, had her promise that—that she would be your—wife, and then find that she was your—long lost sister?"

—Thurlow Haskell, '17.



California

A blue and arching sky
Where white clouds float lazily by,
Fields of rustling grain
Watered by silver, quenching rain;
Meadows of fragrant purple clover,
Pronounced the best by the honey-rover,
Groves of whispering trees,
Stirred by the soft Pacific breeze.
Tahoe's mirrored lap,
Mount Shasta's snowy cap,
Yosemite's crystal falls,
The wild birds' whistled calls;
Fragrance of sweetest flowers
Wafted gently from fertile bowers,
Shores Balboa once did roam,
Washed by Pacific's glistening foam.
Cool, fern-grown dales,
Nestling vineyards in the quiet vales,
The welcoming Golden Gate,
Where the white sea gull finds his mate.
Oh, California, Queen of the West,
Of all the world, I love you best!
All thy charms are calling me—
I'm coming back to them and thee!
—Nanetta Adams, '18.



The Enterprise

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Petaluma High School

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Esther Dickson Associate Editor

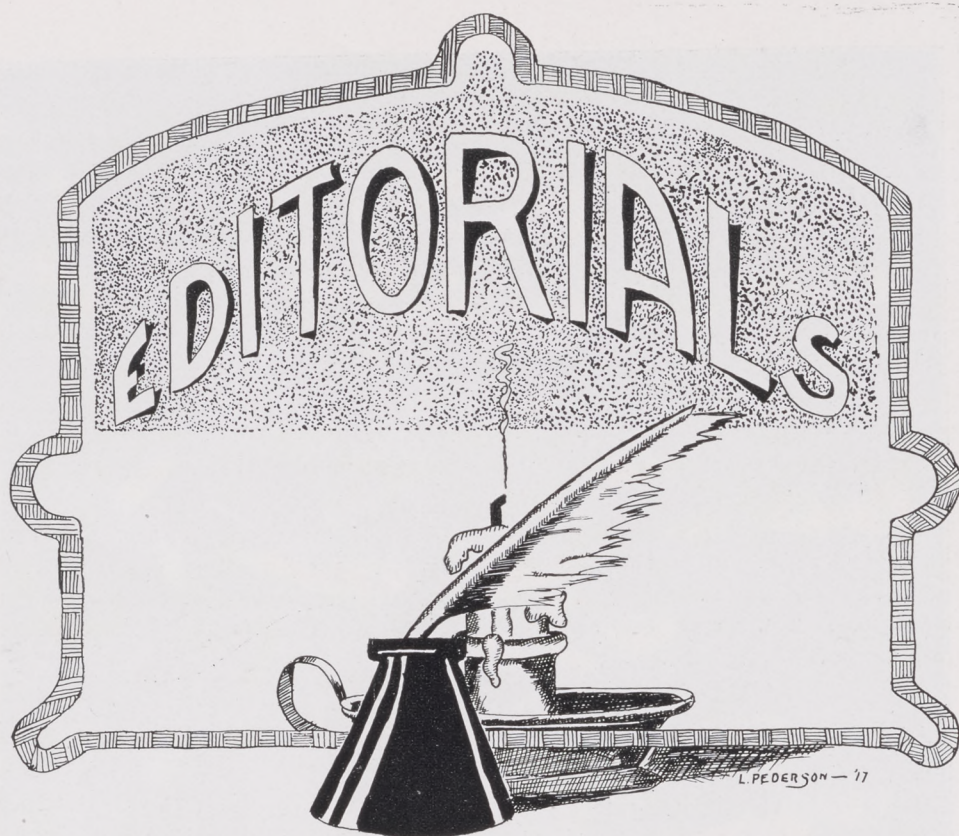
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Daily Egg	Thurlow Haske
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With the coming of the new high school building, opportunities for a wonderfully bright future have been opened to Petaluma High School. All the obstacles and drawbacks encountered in the old school, which were so obstructive to progress and betterment, on the part of our students, have been removed, and in their place is now a magnificent new building, offering, with all its modern, improved educational facilities, a splendid incentive for growth and improvement.

Although hampered and retarded by the defects and inadequacies of the old building, the record of our school has been a creditable one. The last official report from the University of California, showing the standing of the different high schools of the state, as determined by the work of the high school graduates attending the University, shows Petaluma to rank among the best of the two hundred and fifty high schools represented at that institution of learning. One year ago Petaluma was at the head of the list. According to reports from the various normal schools in the state, the girls from Petaluma always do good work, and rank among the best students in those schools. These records, of which the school is justly proud, have been attained only by hard, uphill labor, and a determination to do well in spite of all the disadvantages and inconveniences of an old inefficient building.

This is something that should be borne in mind. Because we have

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succeeded in doing things well in an old building, imperfect and deficient, does not mean that when we come to a new building, with all its latest improvements and conveniences, that we need to try any less hard to be successful. The spirit that causes students to work harder because of the obstacles to be overcome in doing that work, and the spirit that causes athletic teams to walk a mile or two after school hours to secure a field on which to practice, is the only spirit that can cause good scholars and good teams to be turned out when these hindrances are removed. The building and grounds themselves cannot cause these things to be. If we want our school to improve, if we want to have better pupils and better teams, to give better plays and operettas, or to make our social functions greater successes, we must work hard with that end in view, just as hard as we worked before we dreamed of having a new high school building.

There are ample opportunities now for improvement and development. Let everyone take an active part in the activities of the school. Let us raise the standard of the school as high as it can be raised! Let everyone be a "booster!" If we do so, then Petaluma High School will indeed have a wonderful future.

Another issue of the Enterprise is now before you. Although issued after the moving into the new building, it is a product of the old school upon the hill, and the Staff has worked hard to make it the best paper yet put out. A great help in our work has been the loyal support received from the Student Body, and we take this opportunity of thanking all those who have submitted material for this paper. To Mr. Way and the typewriting class we are greatly indebted for the typing of all the material in this book before it was sent to press. We hereby acknowledge and express our appreciation to Mr. Albert Salb, Mr. H. J. Griffith, of the American Engraving and Color Plate Co., and Mr. Homer W. Wood, of the Petaluma Courier, for their ready suggestions and for the interest they have taken in the issuing of this journal. Last, but by no means least, do we thank our advertisers, and urge our readers to patronize them, for it is they who with their financial aid, have made the publishing of this paper possible.

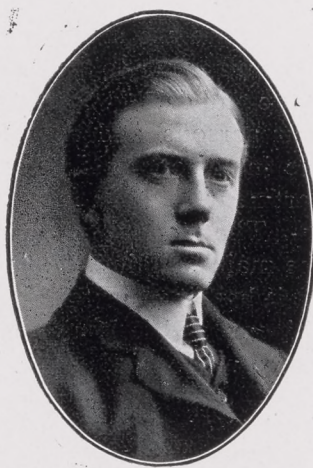
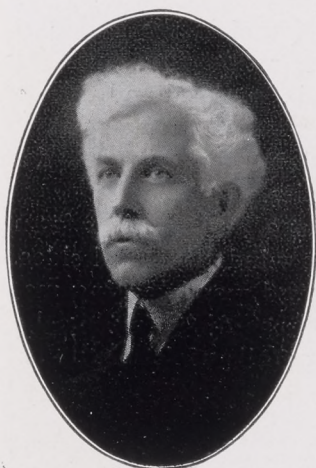
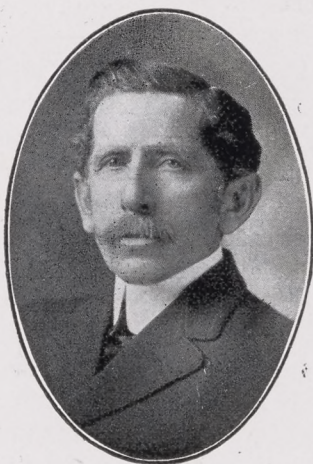
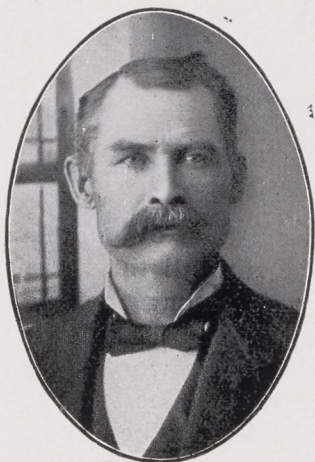
Our New School

A dream of many years has been realized. Petaluma has a new high school! Petaluma has at last taken her place among the progressive cities of California, and has shown that she appreciates the value of education by erecting one of the finest school edifices in the state. This is a time in which all loyal Petalumans should feel proud.

The history of our new \$110,000 high school building dates from the year 1914. It was in the first part of this year that the Board of Education, led by President Phillip Sweed, undertook the great task which they have just completed. Through their efforts, a bond election was held on May 19th of that year, on which day the bonds for the construction of the new building were voted, and a few months later, in November, the Board purchased the site on which this building now stands. In the following spring, bids for its construction were received, and the contract awarded to Messrs. Ward & Goodwin of San Francisco on the twenty-second of March. The laying of the cornerstone took place on Decoration Day amidst much popular enthusiasm. A splendid program was given, the main speaker for the occasion being Judge Albert Burnett, of the Third District Appellate Court. After the laying of the cornerstone, work on the building progressed steadily until April 10 of this year, when everything was completed and turned over to the Board for acceptance, just a little more than two years since the voting of the bonds.

Dedication Day, April 24, was a grand success. At one o'clock in the afternoon the doors were unlocked and the building thrown open for the inspection of the public. From the time of opening till late at night, large crowds wended their way in and out the halls and classrooms from the top to the bottom of the structure, examining and admiring it. During the evening a pleasing program was given at intervals of one-half hour in the auditorium, while dancing, the music for which was supplied by the school orchestra, was enjoyed in the gymnasium. The main event of the day, however, was the dedication ceremonies in the afternoon. Appropriate and impressive, they will long be remembered by those present. Following is the program rendered:

- | | | | | | | |
|----|--|---|---|---|---|-------------------------|
| 1. | Selection | - | - | - | - | Elmquist Orchestra |
| 2. | Invocation | - | - | - | - | Rev. John Young |
| 3. | "Star Spangled Banner" | - | - | - | - | Petaluma Choral Society |
| 4. | Selection | - | - | - | - | Elmquist Orchestra |
| 5. | Opening Remarks and Presentation of Keys
to Principal | - | - | - | - | Phillip Sweed |
| 6. | Response | - | - | - | - | Principal W. O. Smith |



BOARD OF EDUCATION

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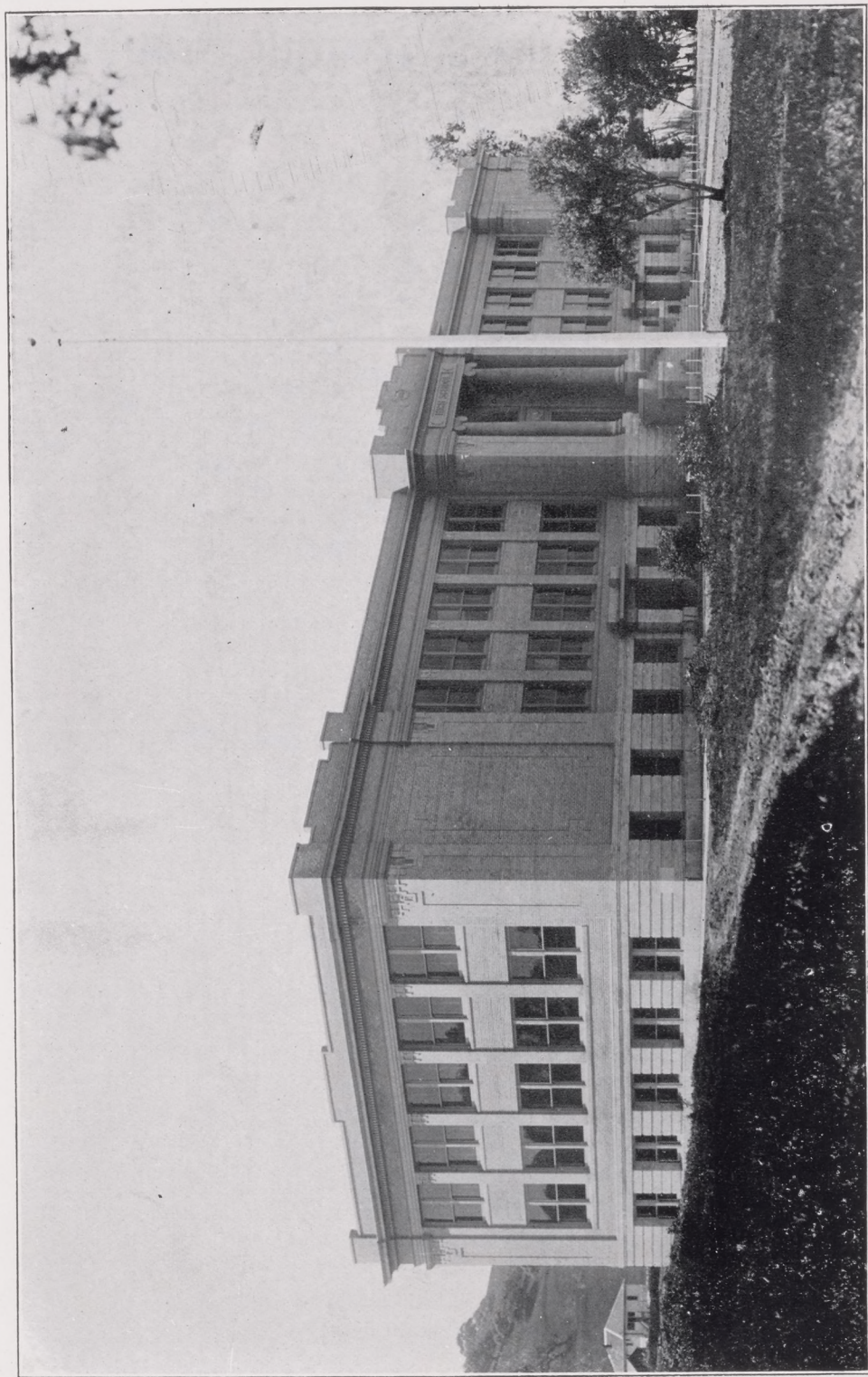
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| 7. | Songs, "Alma Mater," "Welcome" | - | High School Glee Club |
| 8. | Address, "The Place of the High School in Our
Public School System | - - - | Prof. Chas. E. Rugh |
| 9. | Selection | - - - | Elmqvist Orchestra |
| 10. | Chorus from "Faust" | - - - | Petaluma Choral Society |
| 11. | "America" | - - - | Audience |

The new school is one of which Petaluma can well be proud. Equipped with every modern device and fitted out with all the latest educational improvements and conveniences, it ranks among the best schools in the state. Everything has been prepared with much thought and care, the welfare of the student always being carefully worked out and provided for. Fire protection has been amply provided. The building itself is practically fire proof, the foundation walls having been constructed of concrete. Aside from this, on each of the three floors are two reels of fire hose, coupled to the water supply and ready for immediate use, and two alarm boxes, with which every gong inside and out of the building can be set ringing, thus rousing the entire school. All doors open outward; the halls leading to the fire escapes are very wide and fitted with panic doors, which automatically open when pressed upon from within, and the iron fire escapes are positively safe and fire proof.

The lighting and heating facilities are excellent. The classrooms are lighted by plate glass windows, and the desks in the rooms are so arranged that the light will fall over the student's left shoulder. The auditorium is indirectly lighted and gives almost shadowless light. The heating system is the most modern that could be secured. It automatically distributes air throughout the various rooms and keeps the temperature at sixty-six degrees. By this means proper ventilation is always secured, while if need be in the summer months, the windows can all be opened, thus practically converting the building into an open air school.

There are many other notable features to be found in the building, too numerous to be described here. There is the auditorium with its stage and dressing rooms and seating capacity of six hundred and thirty-four persons, and the vacuum cleaning plant, the electric clock system, the inter-communicating telephone system, the domestic science department, and the fully equipped science laboratories.

The manual training building is situated about a hundred feet from the main building. It is large and roomy, and has windows on all sides. In it has been installed the latest and most improved woodworking machinery, and it is now one of the best equipped shops of its kind to be found north of the bay. Electrical power is used on all machines.



Farewell to the Old High School

Fare thee well, dear old school! We are leaving today,
But we leave with a sigh of regret,
For we owe you a debt we can never repay,
And we sigh, for we cannot forget.
You have stood in your place for many a year,
And a host, from the east to the west,
Gladly honor your name, which they hold ever dear,
For you gave unto them of your best.

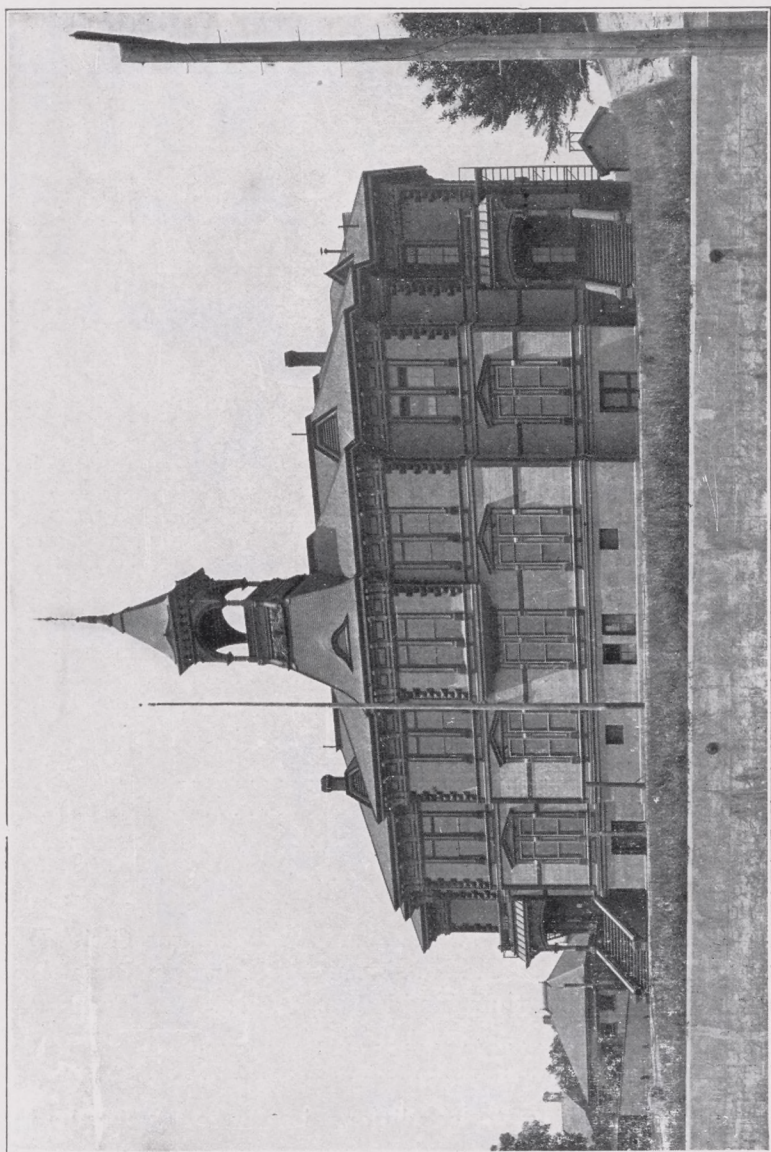
'Twas here that we came, when in youth's tender years
We were looking for treasures untold,
For riches of knowledge which banish our fears,
Which cannot be purchased with gold.
What changes have come as the days swiftly sped!
How our visions of life did expand,
As slowly we trudged where our duties have led,
And we took up the task next at hand!

May the span of our lives be as happy and gay,
And the prospect as calm and serene,
As the view which has greeted us day by day,
Of the mountains, and valley between.
Of the mountains above often covered with snow,
Where rolling fogs prophesied rain,
Of the valley where Mexican hosts long ago
Held their sway o'er a hostile domain.

As we move to a school that is grander and new,
And equipped for a work that is large,
We're determined to prove ourselves loyal and true,
And the full of our mission discharge;
But we will not forget, in the midst of our joys,
The full measure of honor to give
To these halls where have come scores of girls and of boys
To be taught how more nobly to live.

Fare thee well, dear old school! We are leaving today,
But we leave with a sigh of regret,
For we owe you a debt we can never repay,
And we sigh, for we cannot forget.
You have stood in your place for many a year,
And a host from the east to the west
Gladly honor your name, which they hold ever dear,
For you gave unto them of your best.

—A. B. Way.





The Student Body

Under the following officers, the Student Body has enjoyed during the last two terms one of the most prosperous years in its history:

Miles Murphy	President
Thurlow Haskell	Vice President
Esther Dickson	Secretary
Mr. Binkley	Treasurer
Melville Acorn and Harold Rorden.....	Accountants
Florence Nickson	Librarian
Charles Batchelder	Editor Enterprise
Clarence Maggetti	Manager Enterprise
Bill Milner	Manager Boys' Tennis
Edith Raymond	Manager Girls' Tennis
Aline Barber	Manager Girls' Basketball
Henry Reynaud	Manager Boys' Basketball
Norton Keyt and Arthur Todd	Track Managers
Marion Hammell	Manager Baseball
Charles Bock	Manager Handball

Unfortunately, owing to conditions in the old school, not many Student Body meetings were held, but nevertheless, there was a great deal of spirit among the students and the officers in carrying on the affairs of the school received splendid backing from the Student Body members. During the last term two hundred and forty out of a possible two hundred and fifty students paid their Student Body dues, and in the fall term almost an equal number paid. The budgets of the



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last two terms, amounting to about five hundred and eighty dollars, were all filled, and there is now a surplus in the treasury with which to start next term's activities. Such prosperity has not been seen in Petaluma High School for a good many years. May she have many more such years!

One of the most important factors in bringing the school to its present condition has been the work of our Student Body President, Miles Murphy. Taking upon himself a personal interest in every activity of the school, he has worked hard and faithfully, and given much of his time in performing the duties of his office. He has served the school well and his creditable administration of her affairs is worthy of special mention.

A few weeks before the end of the semester, the Student Body Officers for next term were elected. They are as follows:

Thurlow Haskell	President
Raymond Winans	Vice President
Daisy George	Secretary
Mr. Binkley	Treasurer
Ivar Pedersen	Accountant
Edith Davidson	Librarian
Frank Parry	Editor Enterprise
Cecil Sullivan	Manager Enterprise
Henry Reynaud	Manager Boys' Basketball
Edith Raymond	Manager Girls' Basketball
Blair Hart	Manager Track
Carroll Leonard	Manager Boys' Tennis
Helen Barker	Manager Girls' Tennis
Leland Pederson	Manager Baseball
Jesse Dabner	Manager Handball
Jesse Dabner	Yell Leader

THE ORCHESTRA

About the middle of the last term an orchestra was organized in the school, primarily for furnishing the accompaniment to the operetta, "Sylvia," to be given by the Glee Club. Eleven students have joined this new organization, and under the leadership of Ralph Harrington, the director, it should prove a big success. The music which it furnished for the dance at the dedication of the new school building was well played, and drew forth many compliments. An orchestra is something that our school should not be without, and it is sincerely hoped that this organization will be a permanent one. Besides being of great value educationally to the school, it will stop the expense of hiring an orchestra to play at our school dances, at our school play, at our Commencement Exercises, and at our other school functions.



The Glee Club

The last year has been a good one for the Glee Club, and its membership has risen close to fifty, so that it now includes almost one-fifth of the whole school. Under the able supervision of Miss Prutzman, a number of delightful Friday afternoon programs were rendered before the school during the fall and spring terms. The music was well sung, and was greatly enjoyed by the other students of the school. The Glee Club also sang two selections at the dedication of the new high school building, the words of the first one, "Alma Mater," having been written by Miss Prutzman.

By far the greatest production of the year, however, promises to be the presentation of "Sylvia," an operetta in two acts. The solo parts have been assigned, and, at the time of the writing of this article, rehearsals are coming along in good shape. Unless something happens to prevent, the operetta will be given in the auditorium of the new building on Friday evening, May 19. This will be the first performance given in the new school, and will no doubt draw a large crowd. The accompaniment will be played by the school orchestra.

A feature of the evening will be a Butterfly Dance, to be given between the two acts by Gladys Kenney, Violet Castagna, Jessie Filippini, Clare Gallagher, Christina Liddle, Dorothy Mott, and Anna Schoeningh. Gladys Kenney will also give a dance and vocal solo during the second act.

THE CAST

Sir Bertram de Lacey (Tenor)	Oscar Kulberg
Prince Tobbytum (Baritone)	Roscoe Evans
William (Baritone)	Charles Batchelder
Robin	Leonard Skilling
Sylvia (Soprano)	Helen Barker
Betty (Contralto)	Nina Squires
Arabella (Mezzo-Soprano)	Gladys Kenney
Araminta (Mezzo-Soprano)	Georgiana Murphy
Polly	Jane Wheeler
Molly	Bessie Gallagher
Dolly	Catherine Neilson
Chorus: Farm lads, farmers' daughters, and haymakers.	



The Student Self Government Committee

Two new committees have been organized in the school during the last term—the Boys' Self-Government Committee, and the Girls' Self-Government Committee. The two committees, which work together as a whole, were started when the old school was abandoned for the new. The function of these committees is to regulate the conduct of all the students attending school, to see that the building and grounds are properly respected and taken care of, to see that no pupils are in the halls and basements during school hours without a pass from the principal, and to determine the punishment for offenders who disregard the rules made regarding the same. The committees act with full power, subject only to the approval of the principal.

The two committees are composed of students of the three upper classes, nominated by the class teachers, and elected by the classes. The principal appoints two boys and two girls from the school at large. The President of the Student Body is President ex officio of the two committees.

Although entirely different from anything ever had before in the school's history, the system is proving a wonderful success, and the authority given the committees is being regarded and respected in the proper spirit by the students of the school. The system has been used successfully in other cities of the state, notably Los Angeles, and there is no reason why it should not be equally successful in Petaluma.

The members of the committees are as follows:

President ex officio, Miles Murphy.

Boys

Charles Bock
Bill Milner
Leland Pederson
Arthur Todd
Henry Reynaud
James Rae
Marion Hammell

Girls

Pansy Parmeter
Beatrice Boman
Mabel George
Ruth Dahlman
Esther Pedersen
Hulda Siess
Blanche Dykes





SCHOOL NOTES

August, 1915.

Aug. 2. The first happening of any interest in the fall term was the usual arrival of the Freshmen. Twenty-eight of the tender young beings were tremblingly enrolled and given over to Miss Woodman for good care and a proper start in high school life.

Aug. 27. The first Jolly-up of the term was enjoyed by all on Friday evening at the Women's Club House. The affair was in the nature of a reception to the Freshmen and dancing was the main amusement of the evening, while there were also games for those who did not care to dance. The ice was broken for the Freshmen, and every one had a general good time.

September, 1915.

Sept. 24. The baseball team on the evening of this date gave a dance to secure money with which to purchase uniforms for the next season. Although the amount raised was not very much, the dance was a grand success socially.

October, 1915.

Oct. 24. About a hundred of the local students attended the Exposition in a group this day. Needless to say, everyone greatly enjoyed viewing the wonderful exhibitions of man's genius. In the morning a visit was paid to the Bell Telephone Exhibit in the Liberal Arts Palace, where Mr. Smith had the distinction of participating in a conversation across the continent on the long-distance wire. At noon luncheon was enjoyed in the Hawaiian Exhibit in the Horticultural Palace. The Zone came in for particular attention in the afternoon and time flew fast. The party returned on the last train, and all agreed that the day was one of the most enjoyab'le of the term.

Oct. 21. A most delightful Friday afternoon program was given

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the students by Prof. J. L. Elmquist, Prof. Mortimer Chapin, and Mrs. Frank J. Greene. Every piece was given a hearty encore, and when the program had been rendered all joined in wishing that more such events might occur in the future.

Oct. 21. The track, tennis, baseball, and boys' basketball teams were royally entertained in the evening by the members of the girls' basketball team. A bountiful feed was enjoyed early in the evening and was followed by dancing, the music for which was furnished by the school Victrola. The girls proved themselves good entertainers and at the close of the event were unanimously given a vote of thanks by the happy guests. It is hoped that when we get in the new school such evenings as these will be more numerous than they have been in past years at P. H. S.

November, 1915.

Nov. 13. The combined Glee Clubs gave an afternoon program that was well prepared and greatly appreciated by the students.

Miss Miller and Miss Daniel, who have been on the sick list, are back with us again.

December, 1915.

Dec. 10. Another Jolly-up was given on Friday evening at Guild Hall. A joke Christmas tree was the feature of the evening, and Santa (Clinton Madison) gave many gifts to the good little boys and girls. After the tree, dancing and games were in progress until a late hour.

Dec. 12. Lieutenant Schartzhopensky, ex-Siberian convict, lectured the students on political life in Russia. He threw a new light on the subject, and his personal experiences delighted all.

Dec. 17. On Friday, the closing day of school, the following delightful program was rendered:

Songs	Glee Club
Violin Solo	Ralph Harrington
Vocal Solo	Miss Woodman
Piano Solo	Miss Dorothy Bolz

Miss Schluckebier and Miss Miller, who are leaving our high school, were tendered farewell gifts, in behalf of the Student Body, by Miss Dorothy Olmsted and Melville Acorn.

January, 1916.

Jan. 4. Miss Nagel has been added to the Faculty to take the place of Miss Schluckebier. Miss Miller is now teaching in San Jose Normal and her position here will for the present be left vacant.

Jan. 11. Mr. F. F. Nalder of the University of California Extension Department lectured the students of the school, and as he has had much experience with high school students, his talk was a very interesting one.

Jan. 17. A general assembly of the boys in Mr. Way's room and the girls in the study hall was held in the morning. Mr. Smith spoke on

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hazing and presented the initiating of Freshmen in a new light. His talk was well received and the Freshmen got on this term without having a hair moved out of place.

Jan. 21. An afternoon of pleasure was given the pupils of the school when Frances Labadie, interpreter and delineator of human character, presented a program. He gave a number of French-Canadian character impersonations, humorous and otherwise, and they were greatly enjoyed by his audience.

Jan. 24. Prof. Smith has received the official report of the standings of the students of the two hundred and fifty high schools of the state, represented at the University of California. He was more than pleased to note that Petaluma ranked above some of the largest schools in the state, including Lowell of San Francisco, and the Oakland High School.

February, 1916.

Feb. 4. Jolly-ups seem to improve with age, as was shown by the last one given on Friday evening at Guild Hall. Over a hundred students were present to enjoy the evening, which was pleasantly spent in dancing and games. A feature of the evening was a pantomime play given by Dorothy Hall, Roscoe Evans, Charles Batchelder, Charles Bock, and Ralph Murphy. The whole affair was a big success and the Social Committee deserves credit for the efficient manner in which everything was conducted.

Feb. 11. On Friday afternoon appropriate exercises were held in honor of Lincoln Day. The affair was under the supervision of Miss Helen Perkins of the Faculty, and was greatly enjoyed by all. A most enjoyable feature was an address by Prof. Sanford. The following program was rendered:

Battle Hymn Republic	School
Gettysburg Address	Frank Parry
Lincoln Anecdotes	Jared Scudder
Reading—Lincoln, As a Boy Knew Him.....	A. B. Way
America	School

Feb. 25. A class election was held by the Freshmen Friday noon. It was distinguished by a singular lack of "pep," which was kindly overlooked by the outsiders present, owing to a marked prevalence of "greenness." The results were as follows:

Class President	Lyman Clark
Class Vice President	Gladys Kenney
Secretary	Catherine Neilson
Treasurer	Janie Wheeler

Congratulations having been extended the officers, the meeting adjourned.

April, 1916.

Apr. 28. Mr. Herberman, representing the Ellison-White Chautau-

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qua, which is shortly to appear in Petaluma, visited the school and delivered an address to the students. He told of the various attractions of the Chautauqua, naming some of the lecturers and their subjects, and pointed out the great benefit to be received from visiting the Chautauqua. The jokes and humorous stories which he scattered throughout his talk were enthusiastically received by the students. He expressed himself as being well pleased with the new building and grounds, and commended the people of Petaluma for their progressive spirit in erecting such a splendid educational plant.

May, 1916.

May 1. Mr. George P. McNear of this city presented to the school a beautiful painting of some California Redwoods. The magnificent picture is a real work of art, and the students feel greatly indebted to Mr. McNear for his generous gift. A committee was appointed to thank Mr. McNear in person and to express the appreciation of the Student Body as a whole for his generosity in giving the school such a fine gift. The picture has been hung on the front wall of the auditorium.



She Stoops to Conquer

At the Hill Opera House, on the evening of March 24, the students of Petaluma High School presented their annual play. The undertaking was a complete success both dramatically and financially, and the cast had the pleasure of playing to an appreciative audience that filled every seat in the house. It was undoubtedly the best dramatic production ever given under the auspices of the school, and will serve as a goal for future casts to try to attain.

This year, departing from the custom of giving a college farce, the school decided that it was capable of attempting something of a higher nature, and after careful consideration, Oliver Goldsmith's famous classic comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," was selected as the play to be given. Although it was thought by some that the school was a little too ambitious in trying to produce this great comedy, all trace of doubt as to the ability of the cast to present it was removed on the evening of the performance. Every character played his part well and there was not a dull moment in the entire play.

Bessie Lepley, as Kate Hardcastle, completely won the heart of everyone in the audience and her every appearance was greeted with a burst of applause. With her dainty manner and sweet, winsome face, she gave an air to her role that was all her own. She was ideally fitted for the part, and her natural, charming rendition of the role was one of the real delights of the evening.

Probably the most difficult part to portray was that undertaken by Morse Bowles, who, as Young Marlow, had to play a dual personality. This he did with an ease and grace that would have done credit to a professional. Never did he let his lines drag, and the fine interpretation he gave to his part will long be remembered by those who witnessed his work.

Mrs. Hardcastle was well impersonated by Hulda Siess. The dignified manner in which she delivered her lines and her matronly conduct left but little in her part that could be improved. All that was lacking was a little makeup, for although her delineation of the part was excellent, she looked too young for the wife of the elderly Squire.

Ivar Pedersen in his characterization of Squire Hardcastle was almost perfect. He acted his part in an easy, natural way, without overdoing it, and seemed to actually live the role. His was by no means an easy task, and the efficient manner in which he performed is worthy of much commendation.

Cecil Sullivan supplied the comedy of the evening as Tony Lumpkin, and he scored a big hit with the audience. His action was perfect

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and he drew a laugh at every move. His natural humor and good nature made him an ideal character for the part; he is a born comedian and could not have been improved upon.

As Constance Neville, Grace Mills proved to be a very charming, sentimental sweetheart for Hastings. Her role was prettily acted and drew forth many compliments.

Raymond Winans assumed the part of Hastings, the gallant lover, and deserves special credit for the excellent manner in which he handled his part.

The minor parts all showed careful preparation, though some of the short ones could very easily have been done in a careless way. Thurlow Haskell and Charles Bock were especially good, while Gwyneth Gamage, as the dainty, demure Dolly, did very well indeed.

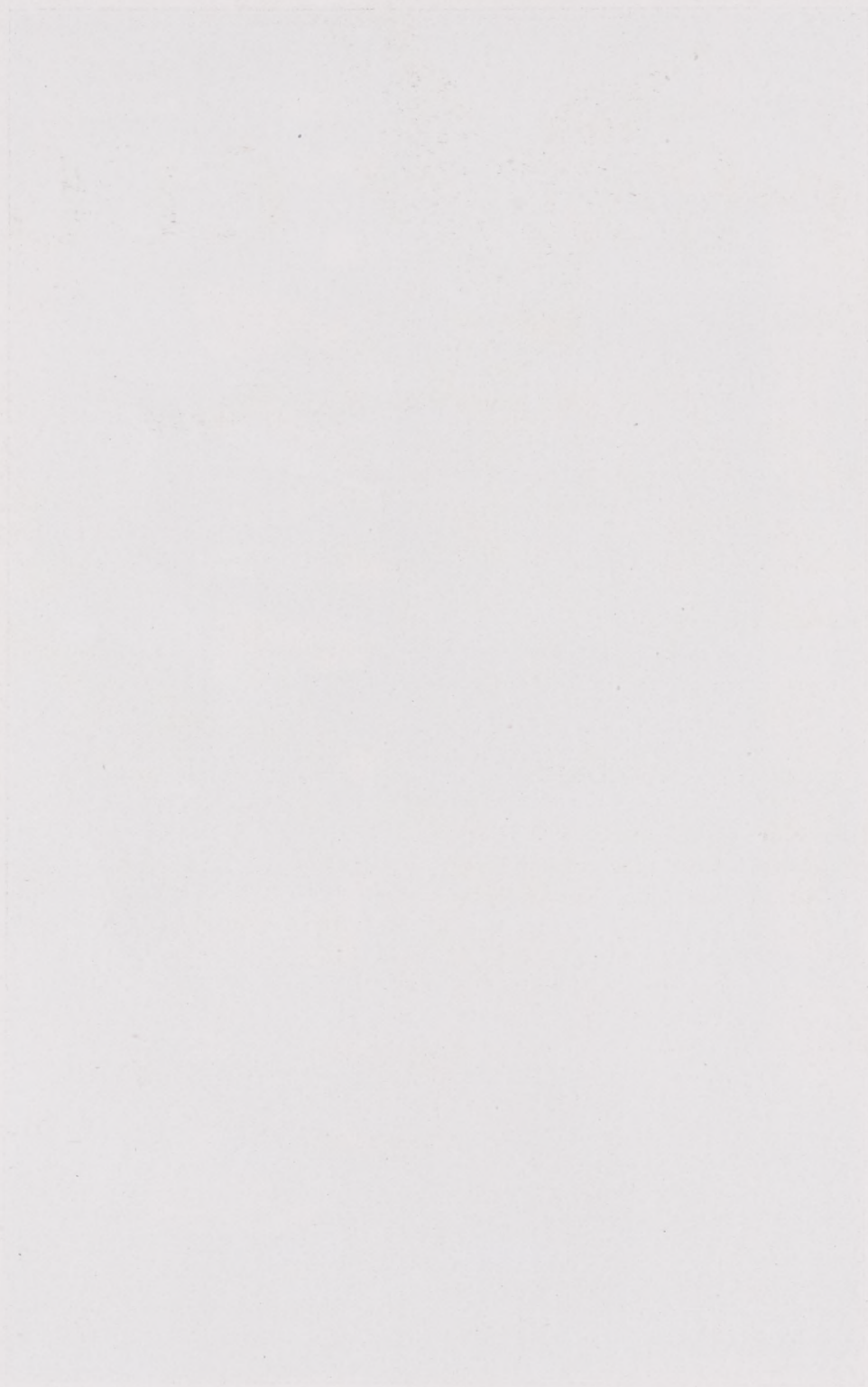
The play was coached by Miss Helen Prutzman of the faculty, and Mrs. Frank J. Greene. They did remarkably well and the results of their work could be seen throughout the entire performance, in both the lines and action of the cast. The highest compliment, however, paid to their abilities was the wonderfully successful production of the play itself.

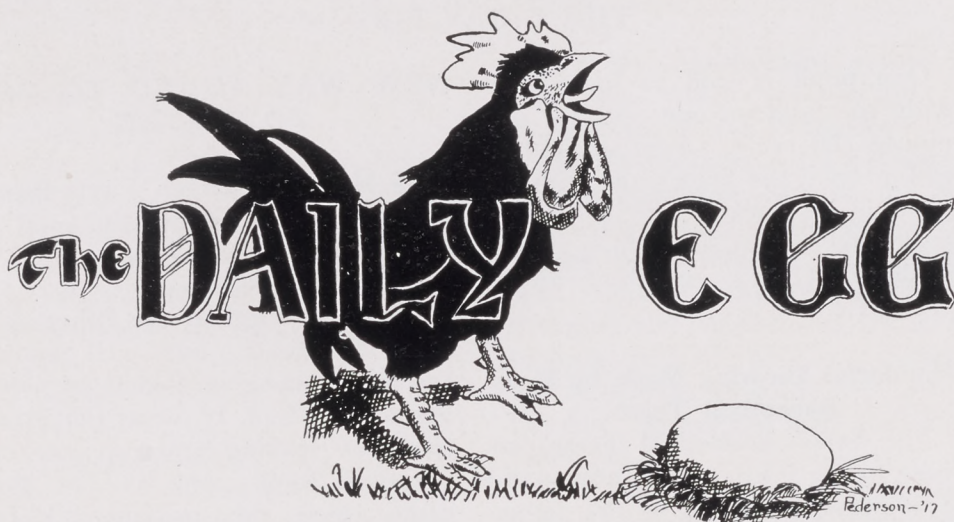
The entire cast was as follows:

Squire Hardcastle	Ivar Pedersen
Mrs. Hardcastle	Hulda Siess
Kate Hardcastle	Bessie Lepley
Tony Lumpkin	Cecil Sullivan
Constance Neville	Grace Mills
Sir Charles Marlow	Bill Milner
Young Marlow	Morse Bowles
Hastings	Raymond Winans
Dolly	Gwyneth Gamage
Stingo	Charles Bock
Diggory	Thurlow Haskell
Roger	Leland Pederson
Dick	Olin Hopkins
Thomas	Dwight Kramer
Jeremy	Charles Bock









Vol. PQX...No. 3.....Pet-Luna, Cal.....June 63.....1916

As the editor of last century's Egg, Mr. Jay Pea Sails started this fishal paper to make a name for the Enterprise, it is up to weuns to finish this movement.

And to show that we desire to please our patrons we have reduced the price from NIX to NOTHING.

—Editor.

AWFUL ACCIDENT

Blair Hart in Accident Which Demolishes His Packard — Was Learning Fair One How to Drive

While jogging along at 60 per in his Jew Packard, with Esther Dickson at the wheel, the car seemed inclined to stray into the ditch, and when the two occupants weren't looking, it did so. But fortunately the car was smashed when it hit the grass, for had it gone a few yards farther, it would have hit a toadstool and no telling what would have happened.

It seems that the left arm of Mr. Hart was encircling Miss Dickson, and he confessed that in his fear of

an accident, he had thus clung to her. The mishap occurred at about 12 o'clock. No one knows whether it was noon or midnight, as there was a total eclipse of the sun on that day, but we are rather inclined to believe it was noon, for when Mr. Hart was picked up, he said he felt empty.

MUCH HAZING GOING ON!

Freshmen Are Very Badly Hurt

Probably the worst and roughest hazing that has ever been done, has been done this year to the Freshmen. The hazers do not stop at anything. Prof. Smith has said that the school will pay all doctor bills.

One pupil is said to have been made to stand on one foot for one minute (60 sec.). Another had to walk around the fire-escape with his hands in his pockets. When things get as bad as that, something should be done. O, it's something awful, all right!!

Wonderful Showing Made by Boys' Basketball Team

The Boys' Basketball Team has come to the front. They now stand as uncrowned kings of the game. Petaluma High is being snowed under by lemons, cabbages, tomatoes, "fresh" eggs, ripe fruit, slams, knocks, kicks, and so forth (etc.). We have been requested to ask Pat Talamantes to call around at the side basement door and collect the debris.

The Wonderful Unbeaten Ones have won 27 games out of 23 games played. The four extra ones were procured only at the cost of \$2.16. The names of those in this big grafting enterprise are not known, but it is rumored that T. Binkley has a foot (or a hand) in it.

Captain Henery Doss is very shy about receiving congratulations. He declares he did his worst, and he is very sorry that so many games were won. Each player has been presented with a handsome lemon, and they are all waiting until Old Sol beats down at 110 degrees in the shade so that—well no one knows what will happen to the lemons then.

WANTED—A few more Janes from Lowell High School.

R. Winans.

NEW WAY FOUND TO GET TO HEAVEN

Miss Helen Prutzman Finds Brand New Way to Reach the Goal of Our Lives

While in English the other day, Miss Prutzman, our well known teacher, sprung a bunch of news upon the school. It seems that some one was reading from a very old Classical Book, and he (or she) came upon the passage—"Elijah went to Heaven on high."

And then Miss P. told the class of her wonderful, ingenious thought. And this is what she told the Egg:

"To my belief, no one could get to Heaven on high now-a-days, unless it was with a Ford."

(Will those standing up in front please sit down?)

Narrowly Escaped Death

Oscar Wahlstrom had a very exciting time the day before we moved down from the hill. As he was walking through Room 10, the stove pipe fell down. Oscar had time to say his prayers and put on his gloves, however, and managed to get out of the way. He surely would have been killed had the stove pipe hit him, for he has such a delicate frame(?).

SAYINGS THAT WELL KNOWN STUDENTS SAID

Georgiana Murphy said—Prim-roses aren't roses and they are no more prim than cabbages.

Blanche Dykes said—All poems are not alike, because some have

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"Let's eat."

"Sure."

They both ate.

The waiter gave him the check.
\$4.77.

He turned pale.

She asked,

"What's wrong?"

He showed the bill.

She,

"Well?"

He,

"I'm short—\$4.75"

THE MYSTERY IS SOLVED

For some time one of the members of our Faculty has been suspected of leading a double life. And now the truth has been brought to light. When interviewed she confessed, explaining that she thought it an easy way to make pin money. But here are the circumstances, and although The Egg is mentioning no names, we know it was Mr. Smith who made the discovery.

While reading a San Francisco

paper, Mr. Smith came across the following, which was written by some crank in San Francisco:

"In my business I use gasoline in limited quantities, and on my way down town bought a one-gallon can. I then had it filled at a supply station. Either the Inspector of Weights and Measures is lax or the manufacturer of the can is careless, as the gallon supplied did not fill the can. Either too little gas or too much tin."

And this person raved on through a whole paragraph. He signed himself "Desperate."

And here is what was written to "Desperate" in the paper:

Editor Cronicle—Sir: Friend "Desperate" must be a chronic dyspeptic. I think a little bacillus bulgaricus deflucikutukus would help his case.

(Signed) NINA BEACHAMP.

So there, dear reader, you have before you the solution of this mystery. Send all letters of thanks to Mr. Sunde, Head Janitor.

OUR QUERY COLUMN

This column is for the benefit of our readers. Any one wishing to know less than they do, can easily do so by addressing all queries to

"The Egg."

Editor Egg:

Dear Sir:

Could you please tell me of some one who owns an Overland? Mine has run out of gasoline, and I would very much like to find the place where you put more in, for I have purchased a couple of pints.

Raymond Johnson Winans.

Answer—We cannot tell you who owns an Overland, but it is our opinion that Prof. W. O. Smith has a borrowed one, so we would direct you to him.—Editor.

Dear Ed.:

Would it be too much trouble for you to tell me which sock to put on first? I have been very much puzzled for the last fifteen years, so therefore I have not been able to wear any.

Hoping you are the same,

Charles Bock.

Ans.—We cannot answer your

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THE DAILY EGG.

—STAFF—

Editor.....T. Haskell
Ed.-in-Chief..... Ditto
Head Printer.....Turk Haskell
Art?—————?
Office Boy. (We have no office:
therefore we have no boy.)

As every one is anxious to secure the position of Egg Editor, and as the entire staff is changed daily, why, therefore, the Egg is called The Daily Egg. Also, we know that a hen lays an egg every day and so the Daily Egg is put out every day—some days. Yesterday John P. Sales was honored, and he deserves much praise, as he was the first to hatch out anything from the Egg.
—Editor's Note.

EDITORIALS

We uphold the Egg as the freshest paper in the surrounding country of Cotati. You read it last in the Egg.

Our motto is—"It can't be beat."

The Daily Egg is strictly neutral. We see no reason to join this war just because Morse Bowles smokes "Imperials" or because Miss Lindsey chews gum. No, we do not like to see a man get bald, such as many have, all because the Czar only pays his soldiers 11 cents a month, and feeds them 5 beans and a barrel of sauerkraut to a meal. Sherman said an awful thing about War, but we do not care, for our chore-man indulged too heavily in spirits one night, and killed two Germans. And he was neutral.

If it wasn't for the fact that the

ocean is composed entirely of water, we wouldn't be able to keep out of this war. For those Scandinavian Jews from Arabia have no vessels larger than a dishpan, so they dare not venture out upon the turbulent and muddy waters. And since temperature varies directly to pressure, the gigantic Swiss Navy would play havoc among us with their Swiss Cheese Guns.

Our type-setter's father's sister's brother's half grandma's nephew is just back from the front. He has been fighting flies on the front sidewalk, and he has now advanced to the rear. His father was shot in the retreat at the Battle of Cow Run.

As we do not know what we are talking about, we will close today's editorial.

While shoveling smoke at the Egg Factory at Cotati, I learned that they have laughed themselves sick over a fellow called Charley Zepplin.

Prof. Smith is considering himself a lucky man, because four days before he went to the city, the train ran off the track. Had he gone four days before he did he'd been in the wreck.

If somebody would do something to make a news note, I'd be able to fill this space for you. But nothing seems to happen.

While turning over my garden, I found a very small coin with the figure of a horse upon it. I have reasoned it out and I now see why they say "horse sense."

SOCIETY NOTES

George Crozier, our well known student, was tendered a surprise party by his many friends, last year. As Mr. Crozier resides a few miles from Petaluma, the guests were quite a while returning, so consequently the Egg has just learned of the doings. The surprisers surprised the surprised one just as he was returning from milking the cows. He said that the separator was "on the blink," so he had to separate the milk from the cows.

Dancing was served and a delightful luncheon was enjoyed, consisting of scrambled frog legs on toast, boiled humming bird wings a-la-carte, soda pop, and water.

Those present were Dorothy Hall, Dorothy Olmsted, Loreen Towne, Kalah Beck, Ray Winans, Morse Bowles, Cliff Stice and Paul Sales.

The most common Society Note is "dough."

Dwight Kramer has leased a corner of Eighth and I Streets. He is now using it as a resting place for himself and a friend as they take their daily afternoon walk.

Cecil Sullivan got in wrong the other day, or rather the other night. He was walking in his sleep and he thought it would be nice to "tickle the ivories" before returning to his bed. He came upon an old cow in the back yard and found the ivory all right, but "bossy" was not used to being tickled and Cecil is now nursing a sore finger.

Daisy George, Alice Allen, and Mabel George have just returned from the Davis Agricultural School.

where they have been taking Fox Trot lessons. They intended staying a week, but after the first day the foxes all got foxy and left, and so they had to come home the second day.

OUR LITERARY DEPARTMENT

This department is published for those who wish to stay at home and read. Especially those who have trouble with the heart, for we publish a short novel every day.

This column is written by the world's famous Oscar Hailstorm. Many have read the masterpieces of this famous writer, for instance, Handsome Harry, the Hard-Headed Hod-carrier, etc., etc., etc.

But now Oscar has volunteered to write a few notes. (They will not b flat, but b natural.)

Our Daily Short Story

A small short maiden stood by her small short lover. She looked at him. He at her.

She said,

"Life is short."

He replied,

"Yes."

She,

"Will you always care for me?"

He,

"I will."

She asked of him,

"But how will you care for me?"

"Only as none but Shorty Short, the man who made shortcake famous, could."

"Oh, dear, that reminds me."

"Of what?"

"That we have not yet eaten."

He said,

more feet than others.

Bill Milner said—If a “blow-out” spoils a day’s motoring, a “blow-out” often spoils a day’s work.

Daisy George said—A drawing room has more drawing power than many artists.

(Daisy knows.—Ed.)

Imogene Jones said—If a needle had a head instead of an eye, it would be a pin.

Charles Batchelder said—If Petaluma was on the spot where New York is, it would be called New York instead of Petaluma.

M. Lauritzen—For the love of “Mike.”

GREAT DISCOVERY DISCOVERED

While moving from the old to the new school, examination papers were unearthed that came from the Senior Class. Here are a few of the answers, and the reader will readily see that no better answers could be given:

The chamois is valuable for its feathers, and the whale for its kerosene oil. (C. Bock.)

The feminine gender of friar is toastress. (L. Andrews.)

Geometry teaches us how to bisect angels. (Mike Murphy.)

The skeleton is what is left of us after the insides have been taken out, and the outsides have been taken off. (J. Rae.)

A circle is a round straight line, with a hole in the middle. (G. Mills.)

George Washington married Martha Curtis, and in due time became father of his country. (D.

Kramer.)

A blizzard is the inside of a hen. (I. Boyson.)

When the British got up in the morning and saw the Americans on the opposite hill, they began to throw up their breakfasts (breast-works). N. Seiss.)

The alimentary canal is located in the northern part of Indiana. (E. Pool.)

A mountain pass is a pass given by the railroad to one of its employees, so that they can spend their vacations in the mountains. (E. Dickson.)

Typhoid fever is prevented by fascination. (G. Gamage.)

A permanent set of teeth consists of eight canines, eight cuspids, two molars, and eight cuspidors. (B. Lepley.)

Christie Is a Good Citizen

Irving Christie believes in carrying out all the laws of the state. He heard of the new Dimming Law, and somehow he managed to slip and fall one day, and had his lights dimmed for over three weeks. He’s the kind of a citizen to have, and P. H. S. is proud of him.

Our Poets’ Corner

A grand old Bird is The Pelican
His Beak holds more than his Bel-
lican,

He holds in his beak

Enough food for a week,

But I don’t see how the——.

(The missing word was cut out
by the Censor.)

Patronize EGG advertisers.

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question, Charles, but why not try putting them both on at the same time?—Editor.

Mr. Editor:

I would like very much to know of some place where I can raise sugar-cane. I have no trouble raising plain cane, but I cannot raise cane with sugar on it.

C. Madison.

Answer — Sugar-cane can't be raised hereabouts, but you will have less trouble raising it any time you are in the Study Hall.—Editor.

Dear Egg Editor:

Can you tell me what a cotton gin is?

Miss I. Jones.

Answer—A cotton gin is the only kind of a gin we have never heard of. But are you sure it is a cotton gin, and not a Kentucky gin?—Editor.

Egg:

I have a pet chicken with a wooden leg, and I wish to know of some way to keep the wood-peckers

from pecking holes in it. I have made 2,976 1-2 legs in the last three days, and I will have to begin tearing down the barn to make more legs unless I find out what to do.

C. Stice—R. F. D.

Answer—Yours is a very difficult question, but we can answer it, only after an hour's hard thought. For we can think of nothing better than to kill the wood-peckers.—Editor.

Mr. Egg:

Would you be so kindly as to tell me why a chicken has feathers?

R. Evans (C. F.).

P. S.—“C. F.” stands for “Chicken Facinator.”

Answer—Chickens have feathers to make up for the lack of feathers.—Editor.

Editor Egg.

Every time I sing, tears rush to my eyes. What can I do for this?

Alice Allen.

P. S.—I sing in a church choir.

Answer—Why not try holding your fingers in your ears?—Editor.

HELP OUR CAUSE! !

All Good Students Should Help this Good Movement of Ours and
Thereby Aid Us.

DON'T YOU WANT BOX SEATS, TOO?

You can get them if you will send contributions to

THE BOX BUNCH.—B. Dykes, Pres.

We Will Procure Four Elegant Cracker Boxes for Our Auditorium.

4—Boxes—

3 for US

1 for You

FRESHMEN! ! WHY STUDY?

Let us do your work.

Math and Latin our Specialty—All Lessons Studied
ANDREWS and DAVIDSON, ROOM 2

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

WANTED—The Senior Class desires very much to hear of some new way to haze the Freshmen. Send all ideas to

Elwood Byce, C. P.

LOST, strayed or stolen, my powder puff. Suitable reward.

Oscar Wahlstrom.

LOST—An umbrella, by a Freshman with long bent ribs. Finder return to Miss Nagel's room.

Ima Goat.

LOST—A genuine Meerschauum Pipe. Finder return to

W. O. Smith.

WANTED—I would like to find something that would restore fat, as I have lost 3 pounds of my fleshiness in the last week.

Gertrude King.

FOR SALE—The High School Boys' Glee Club. Highest bidder gets them.

Miss Helen Prutzman.

WANTED—Information regarding

the whereabouts of Daisy George. Last seen playing basketball with Analy. Disappeared during the game. After the melee was over, a grease spot was discovered on the floor, which is the only clue. Write to the

Girls' B. B. Team.

FOR RENT — Right-of-way on State Highway below town.

A Morse Bowles.

WANTED—ANOTHER DONATION! QUICK!

Committee of Public Aid.

PERSONAL—I am a very quiet, demure and home-loving girl, with a loving disposition, although I have never had anyone to love. So will some poor soul answer this and in return receive my picture? One who has a car, money, good-looks and a good line of talk preferred. Subject to change if not approvable.

Gwyn Gamage.

: FOR SALE! CHEAP!	: : Learn to Play Basket Ball	:
: One Manual Training Shop	: : Lessons by	:
: T. Binkley	: : Miss Emma Hesse	:
: Goes to lowest bidder	: : Work Guaranteed	:

LEARN TO DANCE!!!!

Lessons Given Daily at Recess and Noon.

Jelly Roll, Kitchen Sink, Dish Rag, Pidgeon-toed Walk, Bear Hug, Gladiator Glide and other late Dances Taught.

Classes Absolutely Exclusive—Common Scrubs need not Apply.

Modern Price

—for—

Modern Dances

WINANS-HALL-DYKES-BECK-GAMAGE & CO.—STUDY HALL

NOTE—No lessons given when teachers are around—we hate publicity.



Bowles.

IN MEMORIAM

To J. P. Sales, Editor of last year's Egg. His death was due to the work that he so bravely undertook. He sacrificed his life for this paper as no one else would have done. May he rest in pieces, and may his ticket be not a return one.





Graduates

Violet M. Castagna

Louis Lawrence

Marion Meyer

Frances L. McGaha

Helen Gerstenberg

Mary Stegemann

Letitia Ruth Heinsen

Opal Eugenia Woodson

The Commercial Class this year is a good sized one, but next year's enrollment should show a great increase in Commercial Students, and it surely will because of the better equipment in our new school. Here the Commercial Room is No. 21, on the second floor, at the south end of the hall. The typewriting room is just back of the Commercial Room, as it was in the old building. We have been given two Remington typewriting machines and one Royal this year. This is the first time a Royal has been tried and it has been greatly favored by the typing students. At the old school the bank was one in name only, but the lovely one here is a very real one and is greatly appreciated by the bookkeepers. The desks of the Commercial Department, as well as many of the others, have been repainted and installed in the new building. They look very well, yet each of us is hoping to have brand new ones some day.

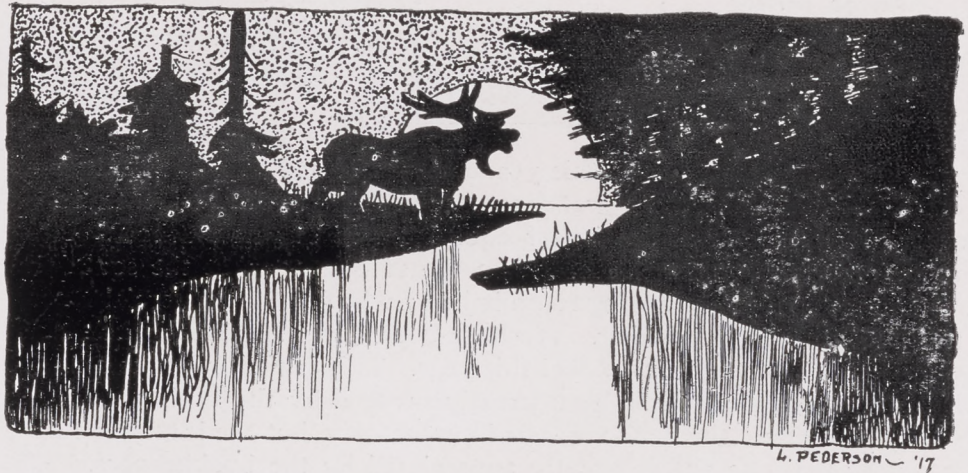
While at school on the hill the Commercial Students were in a room by themselves, but since moving into the new building they have been distributed throughout the building, with the four-year students, according to their credits.

Last year the graduates from the Commercial Department were

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three girls. Years ago it was thought that girls could not be fitted to do the work in an office as well as a boy, but girls who graduate from the Commercial Course of the Petaluma High School are proving that theory wrong. Those who graduate this year will surely wish they were to stay longer, because of the delightful place we have to work in, for when pupils have a place like ours in which to do their work they are bound to do the very best they can.

Each and every Commercial Graduate wishes to thank Mr. Way and Miss Beauchamp for the great help they have given us during our attendance at High School and the start they have given us in life.

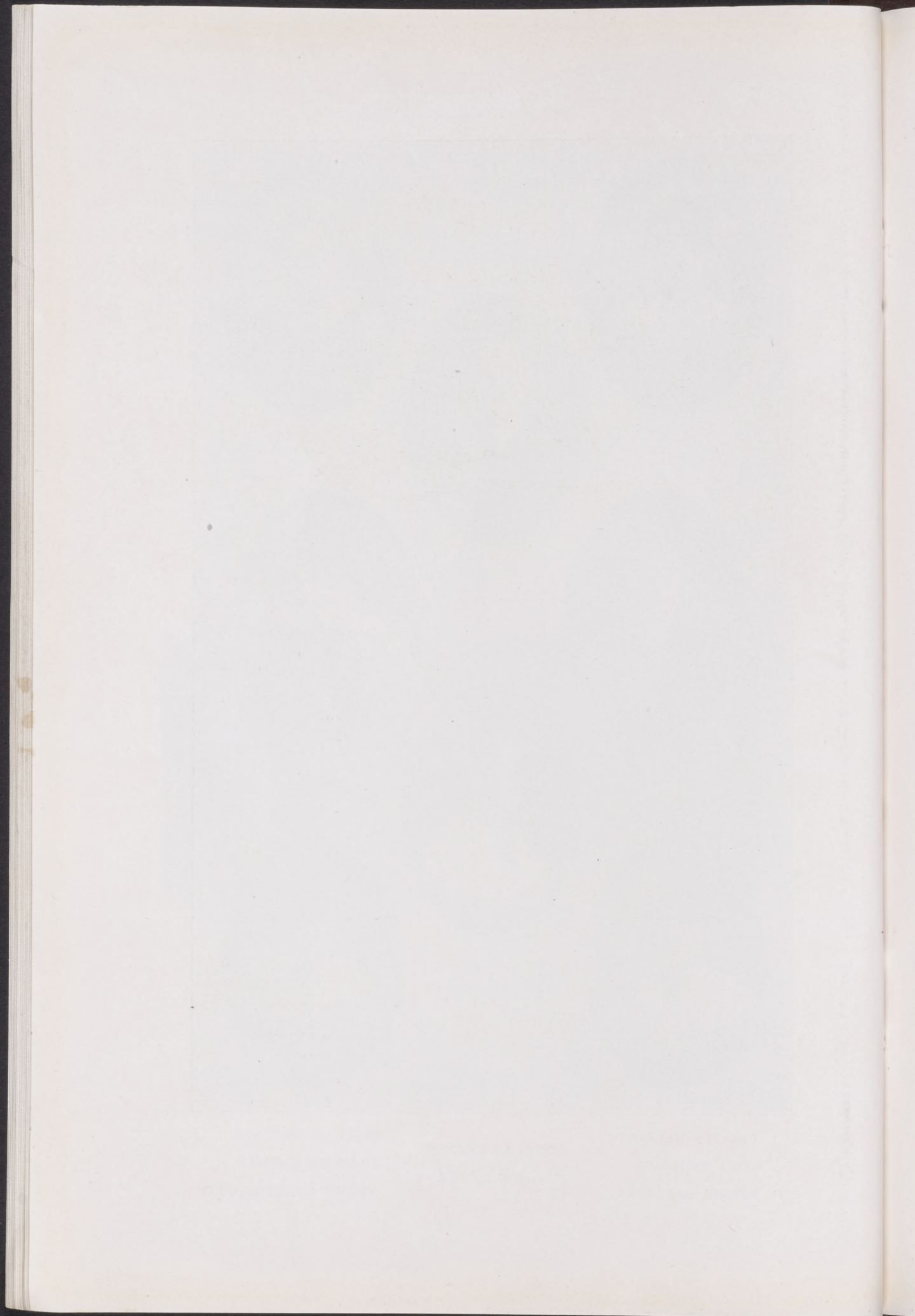




LETITIA HEINSEN
 OPAL WOODSON
 VIOLET CASTAGNA

LOUIS LAWRENCE
 MARION MEYER

MARY STEGEMANN
 FRANCES McGAHA
 HELEN GERSTENBERG





"Breath of Ocean," Fort Bragg, Cal.—A well arranged magazine. We would enjoy your coming again.

"The Far Darter," St. Helena, Cal.—You have an appropriate cover design. More cuts and a better grade of stories would greatly improve your paper.

"The Napanee," Napa, Cal.—A neat book with a good cover design. Your debating section is well handled, but your literary department is too crowded.

"The Advance," Arcata, Cal.—A good paper. Your cuts and athletic department deserve special mention.

"The Elm," San Mateo, Cal.—Your athletics are good. We have read "Crooked to the Last" before. Why not an exchange department?

"The Magnet," Selma, Cal.—Yours is a first-class book that shows lots of school spirit. Come again.

"The Spectator," Cloverdale, Cal.—A good, neatly arranged magazine. We like your school notes.

"Potpourri," Auburn, Cal.—One of our best exchanges. Your literary department is especially praiseworthy. Next time print a title page.

"The Yuba Delta," Marysville, Cal.—You have a book that is good on the whole, but we think a larger literary department would improve it. Yellow paper greatly detracts from the looks of your journal.

"The Mission," San Francisco, Cal.—A first-class magazine. Your cuts are good and the cover design is very neat and attractive. We have no criticisms to offer.

"The Tokay," Lodi, Cal.—The good cover design is but one of the

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many fine features of your publication. You evidently have an exceptional number of poets in your school, although artists seem to be lacking.

"The Tomahawk," Ferndale, Cal.—A very interesting journal. Your cuts and josh department are above the ordinary.

"Cardinal and Black," Lakeport, Cal.—Your arrangement is good, but a better quality of paper material would make a vast improvement.

"The Golden Bear," Sonoma, Cal.—White paper looks better than yellow. Why not a title page?

"The Mezclah," Fairfield, Cal.—A good book, with no criticisms to make. Your josh department is very complete. Come again.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following: "The San Rafael High School News"; "The Poly Optomist"; Football Number of "The Occident"; "The Daily Californian"; and "The Daily Palo Alto."



ALUMNI



1900

Mrs. Maud Norton Brooke.....Oakland, Cal.
 Mrs. Maud Gale Atkinson.....Long Island, N.Y.
 Lee H. Patty.....Berkeley, Cal.
 Elizabeth M. Goshen.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Emma Karey.....San Jose, Cal.
 Frank Costello.....San Francisco, Cal.
 Grace B. Dean.....St. Louis, Mo.
 Eva Gibson.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Joseph Schuman.....Soledad, Cal.
 Mrs. Birdie Mooney Benson.....San Francisco
 Mrs. Mabel Sweed Liebert.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Mabel Matzenbach.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Mae Melehan Howard.....Tacoma, Wash.
 Archie M. Alexander.....San Francisco, Cal.
 Lulu Matzenbach.....Petaluma, Cal.

1901

Romildo Edward Perinoni.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Pearl Houx Monett.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Clyde Healy.....Berkeley, Cal.
 Mrs. Gretchen Rost Roberts.....Penn Grove, Cal.
 Crystal Harford.....Madera, Cal.
 Hester Hunt.....Ukiah, Cal.
 Lena Lyle Hunt.....San Francisco, Cal.
 Mrs. Eva Dean Smythe.....Marysville, Cal.
 Mrs. Grace E. Barlow Brower.....Berkeley, Cal.
 Bertha Hayes.....Berkeley, Cal.

1902

Mrs. Zada Smith Ott.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Sarah Bookenoogen.....Suisun, Cal.

1903

Opal Hayes.....Berkeley, Cal.
 Carrie Mills.....Penn Grove, Cal.
 Elsa Schluckebier.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Thomas Winsor.....Berkeley, Cal.
 Tessie Sweed.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Floyd McAllister.....San Francisco, Cal.
 Lewis Cromwell.....San Francisco, Cal.

Herbert Brainerd.....San Francisco, Cal.
 Mrs. Edna Rogers Rose.....San Francisco, Cal.
 Lou Silvey Rafael.....San Francisco, Cal.

1904

J. W. Foster.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Ray Corliss.....Petaluma, Cal.
 John Lauritzen.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Martin Poehlmann.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Allie Anderson.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Emma Hyatt Frahm.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Mae Purvine Garretson.....San Francisco
 Ida Perinoni.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Nely Burns Laux.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Ada Stoyes Ames.....Seattle, Wash.
 Genevieve Martinelli.....San Rafael, Cal.
 Elizabeth Harran.....Penn Grove, Cal.

1905

Mrs. Myrtle Healy Brainerd.....San Francisco
 Ludwig Schluckebier.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Irene Hastings Ledbetter.....San Jose
 Mrs. Edith Brake Benns.....Penn Grove, Cal.
 Lillian Mattei.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Olive Early Ayers.....Penn Grove, Cal.
 Florence Mills.....Palo Alto, Cal.
 Mrs. Clare Stratton Tiel.....San Francisco, Cal.
 Ruth McGuire.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Wm. A. Lewis.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Ruby Haskell Nisson.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Gertrude Wilder Hutchins.....Oakland
 Mrs. Helen Poehlmann Lawler.....Petaluma
 Mrs. Evelyn Hall McAllister.....San Francisco
 Mrs. Treasure Ellis McClymonds.....Oakland

1906

Marion D. Falconer.....Los Angeles, Cal.
 George Mills.....Seattle, Wash.
 Mrs. Dulcie Bales Christiansen.....Sebastopol
 Malcolm Byce.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Florentine Schuluckebier.....Petaluma, Cal.

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Millen Winsor.....Oakland, Cal.
 Mrs. Eliz. Drennon Roemer..Mill Valley, Cal.
 Mrs. Corallyne McGovern Elmquist..Petaluma
 Meta Meyerholtz.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Otto H. Long.....Oakland, Cal.
 Mrs. Emma L. Oeltjen Farnsworth..Petaluma
 Mrs. Ruth Pierce George.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Helen E. Peters.....Palo Alto, Cal.
 Frances R. Smith.....Beaumont, Cal.
 Paula Freyschlag.....School near San Jose

1907

Lorin Church.....Petaluma, Cal., R.F.D.
 Belle Rankin.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Helen Purvine.....Two Rock, Cal.
 Susy Cheesewright.....San Francisco, Cal.
 Ray Butin.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Leo Hart.....Oakland, Cal.
 Mrs. Mabel Fritch Maggard.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Joe Mooney Frei.....Forestville, Cal.
 Nell Graham.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Bonita McKinney.....San Francisco, Cal.
 Volkert Faltings.....Willows, Cal.

1908

Mrs. Julia Church Behrens.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Irene MacKay.....Berkeley, Cal.
 Harold Baugh.....Berkeley, Cal.
 Bryan Rice.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Ruth Tronsden Carpenter.....Petaluma
 Mrs. Veda Bowles Hart.....Oakland, Cal.
 Florence Walsh.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Roy Evans.....Bushnell, Ill.
 Sophia Schuler.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Myra Green.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Russell Boothe.....Martinez, Cal.
 Mrs. Lily Wilstrup Williams.....Novato, Cal.

1909

Ralph Comstock.....Sacramento, Cal.
 Charles Green.....Traveling man, res. unkno
 Charles Green.....Residence unknown
 Anna Burleigh.....San Jose, Cal.
 Joseph Glickbarg.....San Francisco, Cal.
 Seth MacKay.....Berkeley, Cal.
 Anna May Canevascini.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Gladys Gould.....San Francisco, Cal.
 Mrs. Genevieve Farrell Bent.....Santa Rosa
 Charles Denman.....Pixley, Cal.
 Mrs. Vita Jones McIntosh..Ft. Yukon, Alaska
 Oliver Banta.....Oakland, Cal.
 Isabel Gilbert.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Kitty Connolly Dolcini.....Nicascio, Cal.
 Mrs. Rowena Benson Downing..Stratford, Cal.
 Jessie Scott.....Novato, Cal.

1910

Mrs. Lorene Myers Ellis.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Will Cannon.....San Francisco, Cal.
 Mrs. Rose Cole Turner.....Calistoga, Cal.
 Warren Early.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Marion Partridge.....Riverside, Cal.
 Mrs. Adie Davies Atkinson.....San Francisco
 Arthur Purvine.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Will Barth.....Petaluma, Cal.

Otto Klein.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Dr. Percy Peck.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Florence Pometta Anderson..Petaluma
 Virgil Skinner.....San Francisco, Cal.
 Mrs. Alice Dovey.....San Francisco, Cal.
 Leroy Brandt.....Fort Bragg, Cal.
 Rena Van Marter.....San Francisco, Cal.
 Ruth King.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Mary Menary Gamboni.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Helen Soldate.....San Francisco, Cal.
 Shirley Bock.....Pittsburg, Cal.
 Edna Boysen.....Two Rock, Cal.
 Emma Saline.....San Francisco, Cal.

1911

Clifford Allen.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Irene Haran.....San Francisco, Cal.
 Lillian Keller.....San Francisco, Cal.
 Percy Mills.....Berkeley, Cal.
 Enid Dorroh.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Mary Connolly.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Mildred Herbert McLean..Corona, Cal.
 Ethel Cannon.....San Francisco, Cal.
 Will Loftus.....Petaluma, Cal.

1912

Genevieve Gallagher.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Dr. Hall Weston.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Mary Bower.....Jamul, Cal.
 Kathleen Hall.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Carlton Dorroh.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Helen Stratton McAuley..San Francisco
 Geraldine Boothe.....Berkeley, Cal.
 Herman Raymaker.....Los Angeles, Cal.
 Lois Purvine.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Milicent Horwege.....San Francisco, Cal.
 Leslie Thomas.....Middletown, Cal.
 Geraldine Hall.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Loretta Gallagher.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Clara Dahlmann.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Mrs. Clarice Kennedy Wood..Meridian, Cal.
 Robert Adams.....Santa Rosa, Cal.
 Leola Pinger.....Berkeley, Cal.
 Lois Comstock.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Flora Church.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Jane Ryan.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Ruth Anderson.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Will Symons.....Richmond, Cal.
 Lydia Allen.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Marie Benjamin.....Berkeley, Cal.
 Lynwood Hall.....Bolinias, Cal.
 John Menary.....Guerneville, Cal.
 Mabel Casarotti.....Olema, Cal.
 Martha Saline.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Gladys Liddle.....Petaluma, Cal.

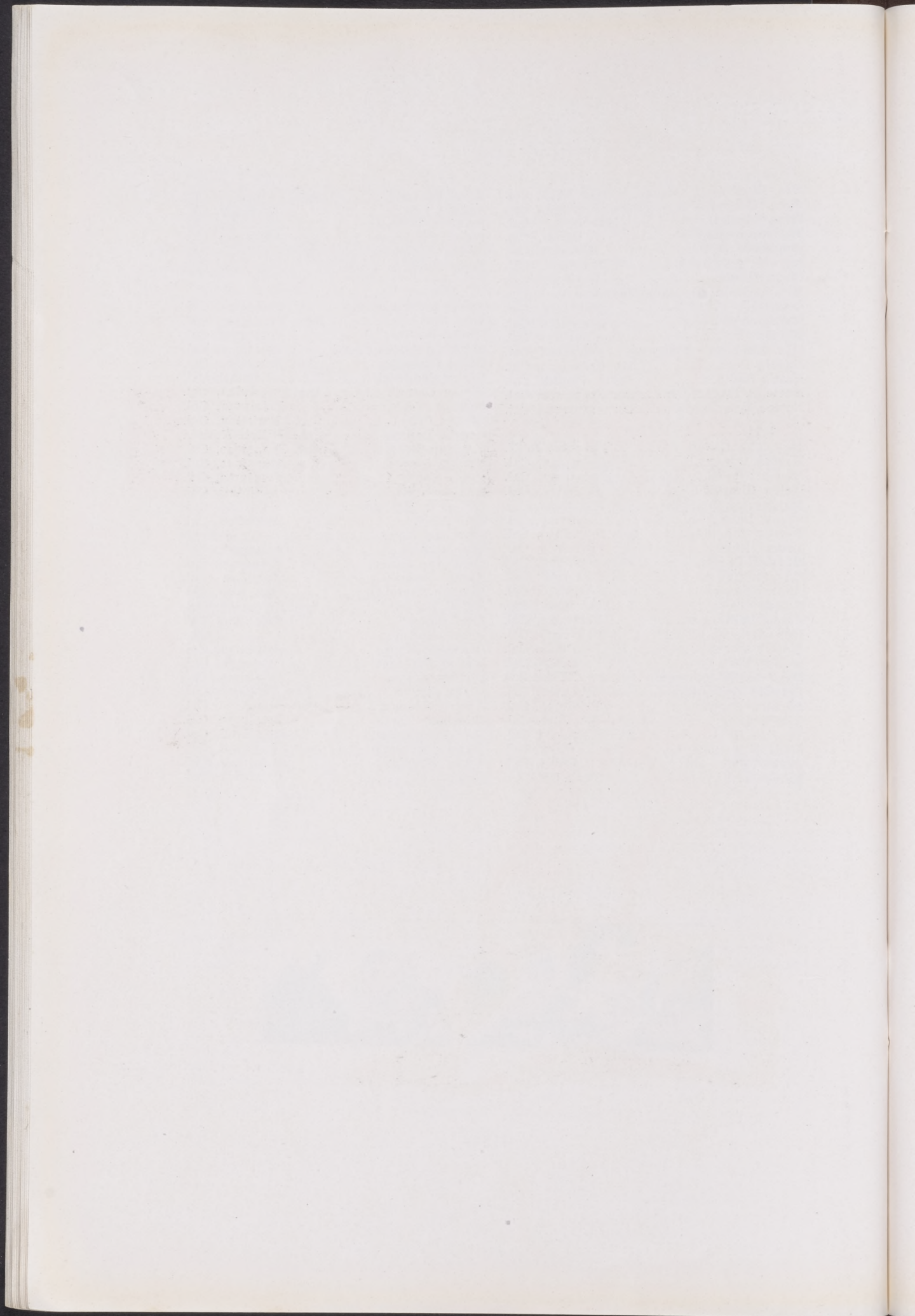
1913

Velma Benson.....Berkeley, Cal.
 Frances Brown.....Berkeley, Cal.
 Alice Canevascini.....Petaluma, Cal.
 Charlotte Chamberlin.....San Francisco, Cal.
 Randolph Christie.....Berkeley, Cal.
 Jack Cline.....San Francisco, Cal.
 Iva Doss.....San Francisco, Cal.
 Emily Filippini.....Petaluma, Cal.

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Mrs. Ethel Hall Nisson.....	Two Rock, Cal.	Edna Behrens.....	San Francisco, Cal.
Sidna Hellmann.....	San Francisco, Cal.	August Penn.....	Berkeley, Cal.
Edna Kendall.....	Manchester, Cal.	Percival Wheeler.....	Palo Alto, Cal.
Thelma Kendal.....	Cotati, Cal.	Emily Tronsden.....	San Francisco, Cal.
Genevieve Luff.....	Berkeley, Cal.	Erwin Tompkins.....	San Francisco, Cal.
Harold Madison.....	Petaluma, Cal.	Jared Seudder.....	Petaluma, Cal.
Clara Meeks.....	Berkeley, Cal.		
Mrs. Leoleon Millington Ingerson.....	Petaluma	1915	
Genevieve Mott.....	Berkeley, Cal.	Albert Adams.....	Petaluma, Cal.
Raymond Murphy.....	San Francisco, Cal.	Will Ayers.....	San Francisco, Cal.
Marion Orr.....	Los Angeles, Cal.	Morse Bowles.....	Petaluma, Cal.
Mrs. Alice Sylva Madison.....	Petaluma, Cal.	Marjorie Barber.....	Petaluma, Cal.
Harold Peck.....	San Francisco, Cal.	Hazel Castagna.....	San Francisco, Cal.
Hattie Smith.....	Kern County, Cal.	Elmer Chadwick.....	Cotati, Cal.
Marie E. Tagliaferri.....	San Francisco, Cal.	Vivian Church.....	Petaluma, Cal.
Norma Van Marter.....	San Francisco, Cal.	Herbert Cochran.....	Petaluma, Cal.
		Gladys Corry.....	Berkeley, Cal.
		Letitia Daniels.....	Millet, Nevada
1914		Kathryn Dray.....	San Francisco, Cal.
Josephine Camm.....	Syracuse, N. Y.	Martha James.....	San Jose, Cal.
Harold Boyer.....	Petaluma, Cal.	Clara Knight.....	Petaluma, Cal.
Homer Green.....	Petaluma, Cal.	Annie Lund.....	Cotati, Cal.
Helen Olmsted.....	Berkeley, Cal.	Elizabeth McClure.....	Corona, Cal.
Marguerite Menchen.....	San Francisco, Cal.	Ivan Meeks.....	Berkeley, Cal.
Frank De Borba.....	Berkeley, Cal.	Ivan McKinney.....	Oregon
Everett Linoberg.....	San Francisco, Cal.	Eva Nesbitt.....	Penngrove, Cal.
Louisa Helm.....	San Francisco, Cal.	Catherine Palmer.....	San Francisco, Cal.
Martina Camm.....	Petaluma, Cal.	Arthur Pedersen.....	San Jose, Cal.
Ray Skilling.....	Cotati, Cal.	Charles Raymond.....	San Jose, Cal.
Audrey Schmidt.....	San Francisco, Cal.	Ralph Rorden.....	San Francisco, Cal.
Elzada Gross.....	Petaluma, Cal.	Paul Sales.....	Petaluma, Cal.
Freda Dalhlmann.....	Petaluma, Cal.	Bessie Skilling.....	Texas
Hebe Dykes.....	Palo Alto, Cal.	Charlotte Smith.....	Petaluma, Cal.
Walter Murphy.....	Petaluma, Cal.	Austin Spridgen.....	Petaluma, Cal.
Sidney Neall.....	Arcata, Cal.	Harriet Stone.....	Petaluma, Cal.
Mrs. Bessie Millington Hilton.....	Petaluma	Clara Struve.....	San Francisco, Cal.
Bernard Groverman.....	Petaluma, Cal.	Anna Symons.....	San Francisco, Cal.
Dickson Brown.....	Petaluma, Cal.	Elizabeth Thom.....	Petaluma, Cal.
Gladys King.....	San Jose, Cal.	Eric Tonningsen.....	Woodland, Cal.
Theresa Blim.....	San Francisco, Cal.	Martha Wessells.....	Cotati, Cal.
Stanley Smith.....	Onyx, Cal.	Frank Weiman.....	Petaluma, Cal.
Parker Hall.....	Davis, Cal.	Henry Zeh.....	Petaluma, Cal.
Helen Mott.....	Berkeley, Cal.		





ATHLETICS



The Spirit of P. H. S.

The citizens of Petaluma are progressive people, who never overlook an opportunity to improve their town. As a natural consequence, when it became obvious that Petaluma needed a new High School, and needed it badly, they very generously voted us a magnificent new High School Building, a building of which loyal Petaluma citizens can feel justly proud.

Other towns and cities have recently acquired new High School Buildings and naturally our new one is taken as a matter of course by some, but not by the students. To them it means the beginning of a new period, one of renewed efforts and accomplishments. Our progress along dramatic, social and athletic lines has been especially retarded because of the inadequacy of the old building. The coming of this new building removes the greatest obstacle from our path toward greater activities. We have shown an unprecedented amount of enthusiasm because of the increased facilities for the carrying on of athletic activities. It is this phase of our development that this article will discuss.

The Petaluma High School has always turned out very fair teams in all branches of athletics. A school that is able to do this must have the ambition and initiative in it that leads to success. In order that she might attain this record, it was necessary for the school to have really live members in its student body, students whose spirit was in their work. These P. H. S. has always had, and has now.

The Student Body has heretofore expended the greatest of efforts in building up strong athletic teams. This means that only a select few have been chosen to represent the school. This fact alone has been the cause of many of the students refusing to participate in athletics.

It has long been the desire of our principal, Mr. Walter O. Smith, and other members of the faculty and Student Body, to formulate some plan by which all of the Student Body would be enabled to join in the school's athletics. This desire is to be gratified at last. The new high school solved the situation. The spacious grounds which surround the new school will provide ample room in which to promote our athletics on a very extensive scale. All of the students will be enabled to receive the benefits which are derived from athletics, instead of a select few.

When the construction of the new building commenced, Mr. Smith, our principal, and Mr. Binkley, a member of the faculty and our athletic coach, called a meeting which was attended by all the students who were interested in athletics. Everyone is in Petaluma High School. It was the most enthusiastic meeting ever held in P. H. S.

The plan of action was speedily decided on. Athletics are to be taught in classes, in the same manner as the regular studies. The plan of

THE ENTERPRISE, '16

placing the classes under the supervision of student instructors was decided on, because of our inability to support paid athletic coaches at present. The Board of Education was heartily in accord with the plan, and accordingly voted to allow the students credits in athletics, these credits to be allowed to count toward graduation.

Aspiring student instructors were not lacking. To be an instructor in athletics requires that the student shall be thoroughly prepared in physical culture and athletics. This might have discouraged some students, but not the students of P. H. S., for they are not daunted by work.

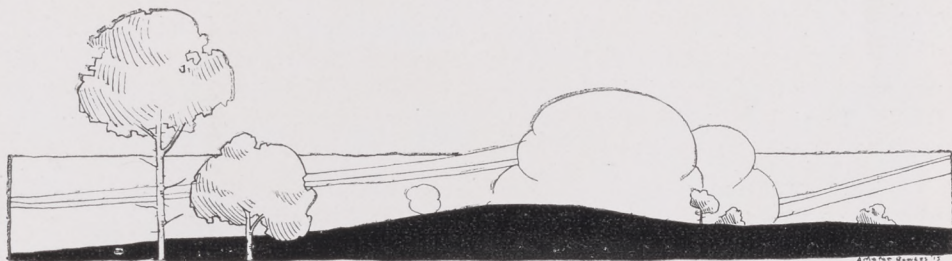
Our next task was to find some one who would prepare the students who offered to become instructors. Mr. Binkley very gladly consented to devote his time and efforts. The students for the past four months have taken instruction from Mr. Binkley, with the result that they are now capable of handling these athletic classes in a very efficient manner.

This is truly a fine and practicable way of showing the people of Petaluma our appreciation of their considerate act in granting us the new High School. This plan could be copied to advantage by other high schools. With this system in working order, we can proudly say,

"Watch Petaluma High this year."

May the following years be as full of achievements as our first year in the new building promises to be.

MILES MURPHY, '16.



Tennis

At the beginning of the fall term, Petaluma's tennis outlook did not seem very bright, all of our veterans except Milner having graduated. But at the C. I. F. preliminaries Carroll Leonard came into the limelight as a racquet-wielder, and our prospects for another victorious tennis team were made certain.

The N. W. L. now plays two matches of singles instead of the former method of one set of singles and one of doubles. This new system eliminates the possibility of two schools sharing the victor's honors, for now the school winning two out of three of the events is the winner.

The first tournament of the fall term, which was with Analy, was played at the Sabastopol Courts, and was the preliminary of the C. I. F. In the singles, Milner won from Leland, the score being 6—3, 7—5, 6—3, but Stice was defeated by Silveira by the score of 6—3, 6—4, 6—3. In the doubles, Milner and Leonard won from Leland and Silveira by 8—6, 6—3, 6—2.

Next came the semi-finals, which were played with San Rafael on their courts. Milner won the first singles from Riffe 6—3, 7—5, 5—7, 6—4. Leonard lost his singles to Bogle 7—5, 6—3, 6—3, and in the doubles Milner and Leonard defeated Riffe and Bogle 6—4, 6—3, 8—6. This was a hotly contested tournament, and the playing of both teams was very good.

The finals of the N. W. L. were played with Sonoma in Petaluma on the Fairbanks Courts. Milner defeated his opponent in the first singles with little difficulty, 6—1, 6—1, 6—1. Leonard won his singles, 7—5, 6—3, 6—2. Milner and Leonard won the doubles easily, 6—2, 6—1, 6—2. This gave Milner and Leonard the Fall Championship of the N. W. L.

In a practice game with Analy played on the Fairbanks Courts, Milner won from Leland, 6—3, 6—3 and Leonard defeated Silveira 6—4, 6—4. In the doubles Milner and Leonard defeated Leland and Silveira 6—2, 6—4.

In a practice game with San Francisco Polytechnic High School played at the Golden Gate Park Courts, Milner defeated Cassev, 4—6, 6—2, 6—0. Leonard lost his singles 6—2, 6—3. Milner and Leonard were defeated in the doubles, 6—3. For lack of time only one set was played.

Milner and Leonard won the Fall Championship of the S. N. S. League by default.

The first tournament of the spring term was played with Trinity School of San Francisco. In the first singles Milner defeated Sternan 6—3, 6—2, 6—1. Leonard won the second single 3—6, 4—6, 7—5, 6—3, 6—3. Milner and Leonard were defeated in the doubles 6—3, 6—4.





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The preliminaries of the N. W. L. were played with Analy at the Petaluma Courts. Milner won his singles 5—7, 6—2, 6—0, 6—0. Leonard won his singles 6—4, 6—3, 6—2. Analy defaulted the doubles.

Practice matches were also played with Lowell High School of San Francisco at the Petaluma Courts. Milner won from Hanley, 6—3, 5—7, 7—5. Leonard was defeated by Bates 6—2, 6—2. Milner and Leonard were defeated in the doubles 6—4, 6—3, 3—6, 7—5.

The finals of the N. W. L. were played with Napa at the Napa Courts. Milner won the first singles from Bower 6—3, 2—6, 6—2. In the second singles Leonard was defeated by Gunn 6—3, 6—3, 6—3. Milner and Leonard defeated Bower and Gunn in the doubles 6—4, 6—3, 3—6, 4—6, 6—3. This won for them the Spring Championship of the N. W. L., and they expect to make a good showing in the large tournament at Berkeley. Milner has been a steady and consistent player and has not lost a match this year. For a beginner Leonard has played splendidly. The tennis team is the only team winning a championship this year, and it deserves a great deal of credit for its faithful and loyal work for the school.

Girls' Tennis was not recognized in the C. I. F. last fall, but the girls formed a team and one tournament was played. This was with Analy on the Sebastopol Courts. In the first singles, Miss Edith Raymond defeated her opponent 6—3, 6—2, 6—2. In the second singles, Miss Dora Jurgensen was defeated, 4—6, 3—6, 3—6. In the doubles, Miss Edith Raymond and Miss Dora Jurgensen were defeated, 6—3, 6—2, 6—3. In the mixed doubles, Miss Edith Raymond and Mr. Milner were defeated, 4—6, 3—6, 2—6.

Girls' Tennis was given recognition in the C. I. F. this spring, but owing to the fact that the other schools of this section did not develop teams, no matches were played.



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GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

The last year has been a most successful one for Girls' Basketball. A great many girls came out for this sport and two full team were developed. Great enthusiasm and spirit were shown and the girls received a good backing from the rest of the students, who turned out in large numbers for the games.

At the beginning of the season a series of three games was played with Analy. When the third game was over Analy had won the series, but every game was a hard-fought one, and was not decided until the final whistle. The girls showed up splendidly, especially as almost the entire team was made up of new material.

After this series was over, a game was secured with San Rafael. Our girls easily won, but the San Rafael team was always trying and were forced to walk three miles before the game in getting here, owing to the bad condition of the roads. The score:

San Rafael 5, Petaluma 11.

The Santa Rosa team came next. Petaluma's supremacy was evident at all stages of the game, and the final score was:

Santa Rosa 7, Petaluma 11.

San Rafael then came for another game, this being the preliminary of the N. W. L. The visitors showed a marked improvement over their first game, and at the end of the first half they had a big lead. They were overconfident, however, and Petaluma came back strong in the second half, playing them off their feet. A feature of the game was the remarkable goaling of our forwards, Misses Barber and Merritt, in the second half. The result of this exciting game was:

San Rafael 16, Petaluma 17.

This qualified our girls for the semi-finals, and the opposing team was Analy. The game was played at Sebastopol, and resulted in a defeat for Petaluma. The game was rather rough and hotly contested, and although our girls lost, they deserve much credit for the fine game they played. Score:

Analy 27, Petaluma 19.

The season closed with a game at Santa Rosa, and another victory was chalked up for Petaluma. The game was marked by good playing on both sides, and the score, a close one, was:

Santa Rosa 11, Petaluma 13.

Those fortunate enough to have played on the first team this season were:

Aline Barber (Manager), Ruby Merritt (Captain).....Forwards
Pansy Parmeter, Georgiana Murphy.....Touch Centers
Eva Fallon, Edith Raymond, Pearl Fallon.....Side Centers
Emma Weiman, Iva Tozer, Daisy George.....Guards



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BOYS' BASKETBALL

Owing to the fact that for a long time no court could be secured to practice on, the boys' basket-ball team did not get started in time this year to enter a team in the C. I. F. However, when permission to use the court in the Armory was finally obtained, the boys got together and formed a team for mere love of the sport.

Although a good team was developed, it was rather late in the season, and only a few games were played. After "Our Boys" had defeated a number of teams around town, Santa Rosa High came down for a game. They were defeated by a score of 34-13, being outplayed in all departments of the game, as the score would indicate. As a result of this game, we feel safe in saying that if the team had been entered in the C. I. F., "Our Boys" would have put up a strong fight for the championship of this region.

Most of those out for the team this year were lower classmen, and the experience gained by them this season should be a material help to them in developing a strong line-up next season. Basketball has become a major sport, and its prospects for a successful future at P. H. S. are indeed very bright.

The team, which was under the managership of Henry Reynaud, consisted of the following players:

James Rae	Forward
Milo Meeks	Forward
Carroll Leonard	Forward
Leon Reynaud	Center
Mervyn Latson (Captain)	Guard
Chas. Batchelder	Guard





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TRACK.

The fall meet of the Northwestern League was held on the track of Tamalpais High School. Petaluma did not get a very high score, but the showing made by some of the new material was very encouraging.

Keyt, a sophomore, who has been coming speedily forward in the distances, easily won the mile, finishing in splendid form.

Murphy, who has been doing great work in the 440 yard dash, finished in second place, but was disqualified for running in front of a competitor.

At the beginning of the spring term, classes in athletic and gymnasium work were started under the supervision of Mr. Binkley and our leading athletes. About sixty students signed up in the classes, and the new work advanced far beyond anticipation. It has brought to light several future track stars, as well as helped to better the physical condition of most of the students taking the work.

Five men represented Petaluma in the North Coast Section Inter-scholastic Meet held at Stanford April 1. The team brought home but one point, "Mike" Murphy placing fourth in the discus with a throw of 109 feet. Stanford has one of the best tracks in the state, and several records were broken at this meet. The team was royally entertained while at the meet by the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity.

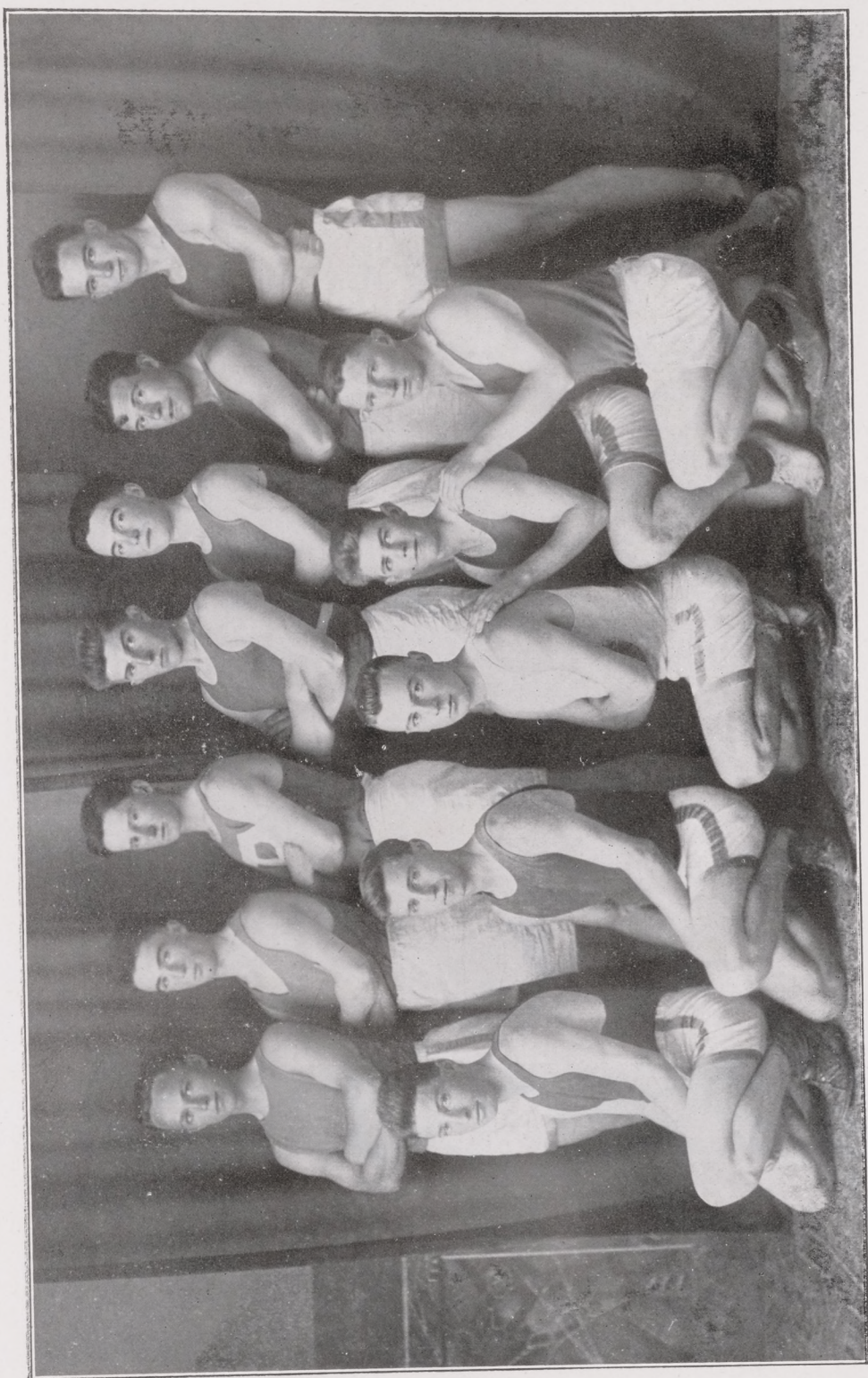
About the middle of the term an inter-class meet was held, and much interest and enthusiasm was shown by the entire school. The field events were run off on the school grounds and everyone turned out to watch the exciting contest. The track events had to be held at Kenilworth Park, and although a long distance from the school, a number of non-participants were there to "root" for their classmates. The Sophomores won the meet, with the Seniors coming second, the Juniors third, and the Freshmen last.

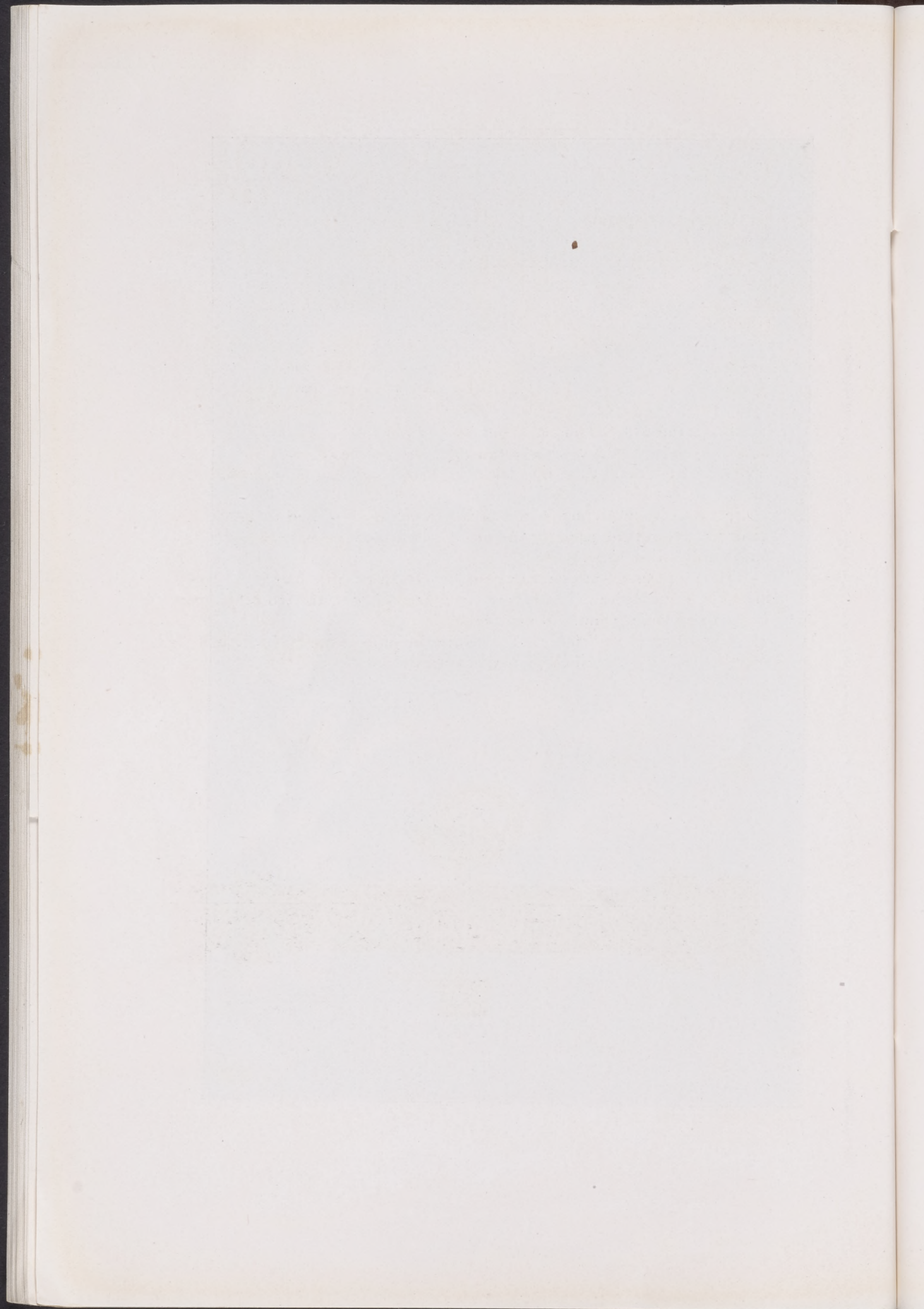
Gregory, a sophomore, loomed up splendidly in the high jump, tying for first place with Sales. A great deal is expected of him in the future. As was anticipated, Keyt won the mile, and a few minutes later showed that he could also sprint by taking first in the 220 yard dash. Briesch, a junior, showed up well in the sprints.

The highest individual point winner was our track captain, Murphy, who gained twenty points for the senior class by winning the 50 and 100 yard dashes, the discus, and the javelin.

The spring meet of the Northwestern League was held on April 29, at Santa Rosa, and the Purple and White sent up a full team, besides a good sized rooting section. The meet was fast all around, and several records were broken.

Petaluma was represented as follows:





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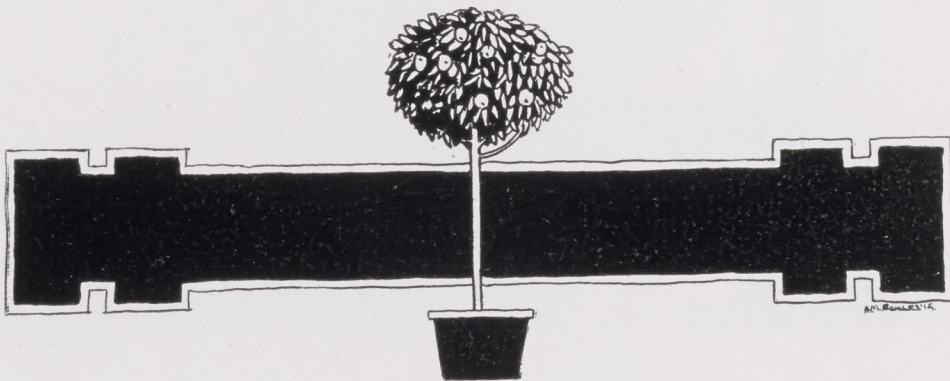
R. Murphy	50 yard dash, 100 yard dash.
Benneche	50 yard dash, 100 yard dash.
M. Murphy (Captain).....	440 yard dash, discus, broad jump.
Hart	880 yard run, broad jump, pole vault.
Todd	880 yard run.
Smith	440 yard dash, 880 yard run.
Bock	High and low hurdles.
Gregory	High jump.
Kalish	High jump.
Keyt	220 yard dash, mile run.
Nusbaum	880 yard run, mile run.
Wheeler	880 yard run, mile run.

Keyt ran a splendid mile, but was beaten out of first place at the finish by Heintz, of Anahy, who ran the event in the record time of 4:40. Although no official time was taken, it is thought that Keyt also broke the old record.

Murphy took second in the broad jump, and finished fourth in the quarter. He set the pace for the quarter, but was not in very good condition and lost out at the finish.

Hart surpassed all expectations by clearing the bar at 10 feet 3 inches in the pole vault, and tying for fourth place with two other men. He is a sure point winner in next season's meets.

Gregory and Kalish both did well in the high jump, and with a little more experience should easily place in future meets.



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BASEBALL

At the beginning of the season Adolph Briesch was elected captain of the baseball squad. The diamond was such a distance from the school that sufficient material did not turn out for the team, and those who did come out were only able to do so spasmodically.

The opening game of the season was with Santa Rosa. Being early in the season, both teams played rather loosely. The score:

Santa Rosa 11, Petaluma 7.

The preliminary of the N. W. L. was played with Analy on the Sebastopol diamond. The team showed marked improvement over their work in the Santa Rosa game, but costly errors lost the game. Pederson pitched a steady game, but he did not get the support that would have won the game for him. The score:

Analy 7, Petaluma 0.

This game concluded the baseball season. Next year with a baseball diamond on the school grounds and practically the same team as this year, it is expected that baseball will make a more creditable showing.

The team was composed of the following players:

Leland Pederson	Pitcher
Arthur Todd	Catcher
Claude Hoover	First Base
Adolph Briesch (Captain)	Second Base
Jesse Dabner	Third Base
Chas. Batchelder	Short Stop
Marion Hammell (Manager)	Left Field
Mervyn Latson	Center Field
Norton Keyt	Right Field





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WEARERS OF THE BLOCK P.



Chas. Batchelder, '16.
Elwood Byce, '16.
Clinton Madison, '16.
Clarence Maggetti, '16.
Ruby Merritt, '16.
Miles Murphy, '16.
Ethel Raymond, '16.
Emma Weiman, '16.
Norton Keyt, '17.
Bill Milner, '17.
Dallas Ruhlman, '17.
Carroll Leonard, '18.



Miss Prutzman: "All dogs bark. Did you ever hear of any that do not?"

H. Reynaud: "Sure; hot dogs."

Georgiana: "Miles never smokes."

Mabel: "No, but he believes in hot air."

T. Binkley: "Yes, I have a brother who has six Fords, three Buicks, two Maxwells, and an Overland."

Ray W. "What has he got, a garage?"

Byce: "No, a junk shop."

The Freshies are a sorry lot,
No matter where they're found.
They're like the frogs that croak and sing,
They're green the whole year round.

Gwyn (in math. 3b): "I can't get this old slide rule through my head."

Maggetti: "Of course not; it's too hard."

R. Evans: "Why is 'Dutch' Nusbaum like a little piece of limburger cheese?"

Pete: "Why?"

R. Evans: "He's small but strong."

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Ray: What would you do if I kissed you?"

Dot: "I'd call for help."

Ray: "Humph, I wouldn't need any help."

It was midnight. "Wow, wow, wow, wow!" wailed the baby.

"Four bawls and I walk," responded the ball player daddy in mutual distress, as he pulled on his slippers. Ex.

Leland is so tall and slim

Georgiana is so small???

Leland says it's naught to him

About the size at all.

Miss Daniel (explaining chemistry): "Now this matter of atoms and molecules isn't hard. If it were a case of using cents, you could get it easily enough."

Bessie L.: "Well, then use sense."

"I hear there are no blackboards at the new school."

"No, they're all green!" (Please laugh here.)

Dot Hall (telling some girls about a race between R. Winans and M. Bowles): "Why, OUR car ran right away from Morse's!"

Haven't you often wondered why the Freshies look so scared after coming from their first recitation in Miss Perkins' English class? The following, which is Miss Perkins' regular opening speech to the Freshmen, is an answer to the question submitted by Mr. Ivar Pedersen, and is the best solution that we have so far come upon.

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations and in enunciating any sublime sentimentalities or philosophical observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversations possess clarified conciseness, compact comprehensibleness, coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility without rodomont or thrasonical tendencies. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabical profundity, pompous prolixity, and ventriloquistic effects, and above all don't use large words!

For to-morrow you may be ready to paraphrase the first forty stanzas of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," taking particular care to follow my instructions. That is all I have to say to you to-day.

Miss Beauchamp: "Leland, what is space?"

Leland: "I can't think just now, but I have it in my head."

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Upon his upper lip there grew
A mustache of a jet black hue,
And every week it did remain
Curled into shape with greatest pain.

Oh, what splendor, Oh, what grace,
It did give that handsome face!
You'd never thing that it was he
Our own beloved Benneche.

Dabner: "I fell out of a two-story house once and lit on my head."

Pete: "But didn't you——"

Dabner: "Oh, I didn't get hurt; you see I had a soft hat on."

One day C. Adams and Prof. Binkley were not on very good terms,
and getting riled at something "Cannibal" did, Prof. Binkley burst out.

"Say, if you want to run this shop, I'll sell out and get away from here."

"All right," said Adams, "have you got change for a dime?"

What Four Years Will Do.

Freshman: "I beg your pardon, but I don't quite understand the question."

Sophomore: "Didn't get your question."

Junior: "What?"

Senior: "Huh?"

T. B.: "Shiny surfaces reflect but dull ones absorb heat."

E. Durr: "That's why I don't shine my shoes in winter."

Murphy: "The Freshies certainly are a sight for sore eyes this term."

Madison: "Sure, green's good for the eyes."

Miss Perkins: "Rudolph, what are you eating?"

R. Peters: "Nothing."

Miss P.: "Throw it in the stove." (Smile here.)

Miss Woodman: "Who was Zeus?"

Ivar P.: "He ruled o'er the gods."

Miss W.: "And Juno?"

Ivar P.: "She was his wife."

Miss W.: "What did she do?"

Ivar P.: "She ruled Zeus."

THE ENTERPRISE, '16

Mr. Smith (in U. S. history): "We have just read how wicked and evil the 'Border Ruffians' were in Nebraska. But were all the rest of the people there lily white and good? What do you know about it, Ray?"

Ray W.: "I didn't see anything in to-day's lesson about Lily White."

IMAGINE

Blair Hart's feet small and minute,
George Crozier starting a dispute.
Lilian Andrews without her books,
Miss Hesse without her good looks.
Roscoe Evans without a grin,
Helen Barker committing a sin.
Paul Sales short and fat,
"Skinny" Doss fat as a slat.
Bill Milner losing a tennis set,
H. Davidson not being the teacher's pet.
"Pop" Smith talking without his hands,
Fay Miller laughing to beat all bands.
Oscar Wahlstrom with a hair out of place,
Matilda Becker with an awful "case."
Imogene Jones with clothes out of date,
Waldo Brown staying out very late.
Mr. Way without his mustache,
The Student Body with too much cash.
Ray Winans without his machine,
"Curley" Acorn without his fair queen.
"Gwyn" Gamage without a beau,
Joe Miller with lots of "dough."
Grace Mills on his steam roller,
Pansy Parmeter being a goaler,
Dallas Ruh'man, our chicken town Orator,
Cecil Sullivan a church choristor.
Charley Batchelder without his brains,
Dutch Nusbaum chasing the Janes.

H. Doss: "Say, Esther, I wish you were a sponge."

Esther P.: "Why, Henry?"

H. Doss: "Then I could squeeze you all I wanted."

H. Reynaud: "Say, Benneche, I thought you were going to take first place in your event up at the meet."

C. Benneche: "I hadn't shaved for a week and they disqualified me for unnecessary roughness."

THE ENTERPRISE, '16

Bill Milner: "Here, all you fellows taking physical culture, get out and take your drill."

T. Haskell: "And a little child shall lead them."

Additional Chapter for Homer's "Odyssey."

After the wooers had all met their death at the hands of the goodly Odysseus, their relatives were greatly enraged and planned destruction for the noble Odysseus. They planned to take him far out in the forest and tie him to a tree where he would die of starvation.

So one night while Odysseus was sleeping they bound his hands and feet and placed him in a cart. Then, for many days they drove deep into the forest and when they had gotten many miles from home they took the goodly Odysseus from the cart and tied him to a tree. Then they drove away, leaving him to die.

But the sagacious Odysseus was not daunted. He strained and tugged at his bonds and in a few hours he succeeded in freeing himself. As he looked about for some way to get home he spied several tin cans, which had been left by his persecutors. Then an ingenious idea came to him. He peeled off his coat and got to work. In an hour's time, with the aid of a few branches from the near-by trees, he had constructed a Ford from the empty cans. Then he jumped in, and in two days he reached home safe and sound.

—Anna Schoeningh.

Miss Woodman: "What does B. C. mean?"

O. Hopkins: "Before Christ."

Miss Woodman: "All right; and A. D., Ralph?"

Ralph Murphy: "After devil, I guess."

"Hawkshaw" came to school one morning wearing a black eye. When asked how he got it, not resorting to the old woodpile method, he replied:

"My wife."

A Definition of Marriage.

A little miss, a little kiss, a little bliss—it's ended;

A little jaw, a little law, and lo, the bands are rended.



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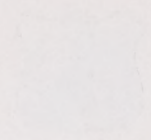


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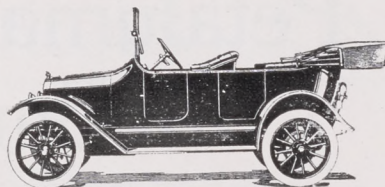
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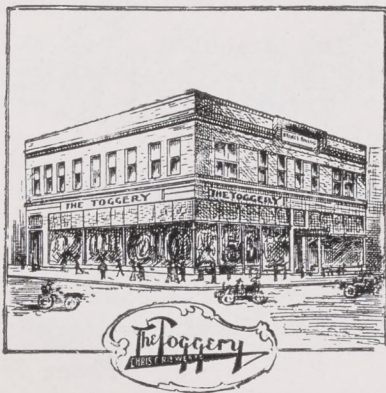
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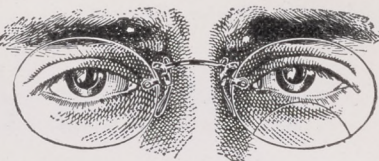
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